

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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THE MESSENGER.
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Poetry.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We sit in carven pews, O risen Lord,
And eat from golden plagues the snowy bread:
A symbol of Thy body bruised and torn,
From wounded feet to thorn-encircled head.

Soft velvet cushions give our bodies ease;
We sip from silver flagons ruby wine,
The emblem of Thy precious blood once shed,
To save from endless death lost souls like mine.

We listen to the organ's rolling tones,
And voices chanting sweetest melody.
Thou hearest earthquake's roar and thunder's
crash,
And criest "My God, hast Thou forsaken me!"

Beside our altar stands a floral cross,
Its sunny blossoms twined with graceful green.
No spear, no mocking sponge, no pricking thorns,
Nor cruel spikes, may mar the pleasant scene.

Dear Lord! we cover up Thy cross too much;
Its bare unloveliness would shock our eyes.
O teach us to remember that no broad,
Æsthetic pathway leads up to the skies.

—Selected.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following letter from our Missionary in Japan, indicates that there is before him "an open door," and through him an opportunity for the Reformed Church to take part in bringing the heathen to Christ. We hope that this letter will be carefully read and pondered, and that the result will be, that some one will offer his services for the foreign field, and that the prayers and contributions of the Church will be greatly increased; that we may all become co-workers with divine providence in this great and glorious work.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Sec'y.

Mission House, Japan, Nov. 30th, 1882.

Dear Doctor:—Some one has said, "Blessed is the man who has found his work, let him ask no greater blessing." I don't know whether I ought to say this with regard to myself here in Japan, but if real solid pleasure in one's work is any indication that a man has found his work, I can say I have found my work. Up to this moment I have not had a day of discouragement, but have always been glad that I came to Japan.

My work seems to increase daily, and this is just what I want. I love to be busy all day. I abominate idleness. When I opened my preaching place last June, one of my audience was a young student of medicine. He had heard of Christianity before, but for years had not heard anything more. He was then an attentive listener, and came several times to hear me, his home being some distance away. Some time after I received a letter from him saying that he was so busy making medicine that he could not get to hear me preach. He spoke also of the Bible I loaned him, and that he would soon return it. I answered his letter very punctually, and told him I was very glad he was so busy at work, but that the first thing for men to do is to seek the kingdom of God, and referred him to the chapter and verse where it was written. Some time elapsed before I heard anything of him until one day my teacher told me he had a talk with him. Some time after my teacher told me that the medicine making man wanted us to come out to his neighborhood to preach, and he would get his uncle's house and invite his friends to come to hear us. A few weeks elapsed and we received a postal card inviting us out on a certain afternoon. We of course accepted his invitation. He mentioned to my teacher that they had no chairs or pulpit, and how would it be, but my teacher soon made

him comfortable on that point, by telling him that we could sit on the mats, as well as on chairs, and that a pulpit was not absolutely necessary to preach the gospel. Well the day came, for us to go. During the morning I prepared my talk on John's Gospel, 3 chap., 14 ver. to 19 ver., "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life," etc. You can more easily imagine the pleasure I had in preparing this little sermon than I can describe. I would have given the whole of my three years' work for the pleasure and comfort I had in preparing this one sermon.

We were to be there about 2 o'clock. It was some three miles in the northern part of the city, so we took Jinrickshas, and sped away through the busy streets, turning this corner, then that corner, here almost running over children playing in the street, and then just escaping some old people until we arrived in a very quiet street, and in this street, before a nice little Japanese house we stopped. My old teacher was ahead, and seemed very much pleased with everything. He soon discovered the right house, so he pushed by the little slatted outside court-door, stooped down and entered, at the same time calling out "To-day," and I followed. By the time we reached the entrance of the house proper we saw the young man and another person, who came forward prostrating themselves with their faces on the floor, and we returned it in a like manner, with a profound salutation and inquiring of each other's health. We then sat down in the door and took off our shoes. The old man had no trouble in this, as I had, being a Japanese. As soon as our shoes were off we were invited into the back room, where everything was as neat as a pin. Here as soon as we were seated we saluted each other again, and thanked each other for past kindnesses, a beautiful custom. If you do a Japanese a favor, or he has been at your house to see you and you have treated him kindly, when he meets you again, after the first salutation, he will thank you for the last kindness, and this is done in one or two words, as "Sendate arigato," "last time thank you."

Well so we were seated in the great chamber of the house in company with the young man who invited us. Presently, in came the owner of the house with an hibachi of charcoal fire, and at the same time bowing very low upon his face and hands, and saying, "Hojimete o me ni kakari masu," or, "the first time I hang my honorable eyes on you." We said this to him in return with our faces on the back of our hands on the mats. The man was quite fine looking, and had a very genial face, the Japanese say, "a very easy hearted man." The next thing was to admire the rooms which were all thrown open, and the best screens brought out. There were some fine Japanese screens, and around the room, taking the place of our pictures, were old mottoes written by famous scholars in Chinese running-hand, and the little alcove which is in every Japanese house, was filled with flowers, and little lacquer ware.

We soon opened up a conversation on various things, and had quite a pleasant talk. After a little while in came two young men, and again we bowed as before described. He, the older of the two, soon tells us that he is attending the Medical School, and that he can talk English. So to cater to his pride, I asked him about his school in English, and about the foreign physicians whom I know. But he soon discovers and so do I that his English fails him, just where he is most in need of it. So he excuses himself by saying that he has not spoken English for so long, and that at the Medical School they speak the German, and he can speak the German better. I was very glad to know that he could speak German, so I opened up in German, and this quite frightened the poor fellow, because he found that his German served him as badly as his English. So to make the poor boy comfortable, I spoke very little in English, and then went on in Japanese, which I believe he understood better.

After this in came an old, bald-headed man, fine looking, and joins the circle, bows, and we bow, and then presents his card written in Chinese. Shortly after, in comes quite a company of nice looking men and women, and all go through separately the regular salutation. They all sit in a circle around the hibachi, with myself and teacher at the beginning. We now began our service, and as I saw these people before me for the first time, if I ever prayed to God, for power to lead a person to Christ I did pray now to be able so to preach to these people as to lead them to His feet. We opened with a hymn, and then I called on my teacher to pray, and then we sang again, and then he read the 3d chap. of the gospel of John, after which I began to preach to them. I began by telling them that because I was invited here I would now tell them about Christ. I tried to make them understand that this teaching was not American teaching or English teaching, but was the teaching of God from heaven, and so belonged to the people of Japan as much as to any other country, and since it was from heaven all men ought to hear and obey. I told them how people came to worship idols, by forgetting God. So I preached about three-quarters of an hour, after which my teacher spoke awhile. I told them about Christ as the Saviour of the world, and their Saviour. When I was about half through ten young girls from the neighboring school came in, bowed, and began to listen to what I had to say. Then we closed with prayer and singing, after which I got out some Bibles, and small tracts of the Ten Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer, which I gave to them. They all seemed much pleased, and when I was through they all bowed their heads to thank me. One of the men gave a little specimen of writing in Japanese. Soon afterwards tea was brought in, over which we talked a little, and the mother of the house presented herself, and so I had to ask her about her children, how many she had, how old, and whether they were boys or girls, and so on. By this time it had become rather late, so I left, leaving the teacher to come on later. I never preached to a finer looking and more attentive audience, and this was by invitation.

Last Saturday I was to go again, but the notice came too late, for I had made another engagement with a Japanese school teacher to meet him every Saturday to read the Bible with him in my study. He has been here a number of times, and I think he is earnest, and may make a good man some day. Next Saturday I am invited out again to preach with a view to making arrangement for a Sunday service. This to me is very encouraging. It comes in the right form, they invite me and this gives me a wonderful advantage. Now I propose if they supply the place, to go out to preach to them. It is rather uncommon to be invited, though it ought to be the common way, for it is the proper way. I hope God will open their hearts to receive His gospel, and that in that community there may grow up a fine church.

Well I must close, this is already too long I am afraid, but it is only one scene. I must tell you in my next about my school which I am about opening in the centre of Japan. I am very well, and very much in love with my work. I need a helper even now, and I hope the Board will soon be able to secure the right man. We are all well and happy.

Yours in Christ,

A. D. GRING.

For The Messenger.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

Man by reason can never arrive at a solution of the mystery of the universe. We might liken him to a traveler lost in the night and struggling through blinding fog and darkness. The high mountain, the towering rock, the spreading forest, the surging flood—all are alike wrapped in mists impenetrable to his keenest glance, and that he may find them out requires long and laborious journeys ere he can bring himself into such a position that he can gain anything like a definite idea of

what his surroundings are. And even after he has thus traversed the whole realm of the knowable, he finds that as fast as he has gained a point commanding the mountain, the fog has closed behind him and the valley has disappeared from his view. So that he must needs sit down in despair, or else fashion his idea of the world from the partial views his many and varied excursions have given him. The picture thus formed is oftentimes like the figures of men and animals which little children draw upon their slates with closed eyes—ludicrously distorted.

But the distortion is not always ludicrous; in fact, it is rarely so. Man's life here below, and the destiny awaiting him beyond, are too serious to make the monstrosity he thus creates and firmly believes to be the truth, to appear comical. And where the laugh ceases tears begin to flow. The wrecks of philosophic systems strewn the pathway of humanity's progress, some rotting away entire—others despoiled of their strong parts to help fashion new systems, are a melancholy testimony to the fact of the utter inability of mere human reason to walk by its own light—to grapple successfully with the deep problems of the universe, and to accomplish a satisfactory solution of its mysteries. Firmly believing that each renewal of their exertions leads them only into new entanglements; and, when once entangled, each additional struggle draws the web more closely around them; many men give up the fight as hopeless—asking with Pilate, "What is truth?"—and dulling the edge of mortification at their failure, by laughing at the futile efforts of their fellows to do that in which they themselves have just now so signally failed in doing. Others—men of greater strength and breadth of mind, persevere in the effort, firmly believing in the possibility of an ultimate solution of all mystery; or if any remain, that it is of such a character as to admit of easy banishment to the confines of the knowable where it may be hurled into the abyss which stretches beyond, never more to return to bring discomfort to the minds of "thinking men." But both classes of men have ended and always will end in confusion and failure. The former acknowledge it—the latter will not, but go to their graves protesting against the universal verdict of history. The history of science and philosophy is like the swing of a great pendulum between the extremes of realism and idealism—each extreme attempting in turn to correct itself by a swing to its opposite. Nor will this state of affairs cease while the world stands, or so long as men trust to the guidance of reason in threading the mazy passages of the world.

Whence then shall come deliverance from this bondage amid Egyptian darkness. Must we too sit down in despair and idle tears at the vanity and hopelessness of all things? No. So long as the eternal command proceeds from the mouth of God, our help comes, and that from above. "Let there be light!" The shadows flee to the clefts of the rocks or roll across the sky to western lands. The fogs and poisonous vapors roll themselves in heaps and lift their ragged masses above the mountain tops and over all pours the healing, life-giving, light of the Morning. The dew-drops glisten, the flowers laugh, the trees wave their heads in greeting, and the cold gray face of the mountain blooms into something like the radiance of youth, and something like a smile seems to pass over his stony features, kissed into being by the morning sun. Even before his coming burst upon us we felt his approach. His light began to pierce the mists; the outlines of things began to appear—we "saw men as trees walking." But now everything is clear. The bright landscape lies before us, bathed in the living light from the Source of all life. Now the ancient doubt and despair vanish—we see things in their right proportions and right relations. Mystery has not gone, it is still here, but it results now from the very brightness of the glory that invests all things. Accustomed to the gloom in which we have walked, our eyes are blinded by the very light which is intended to guide us. Nor does the scientific research in

which men engaged before the coming of the light, cease now. It only takes a new significance. Its scope is broadened—its powers strengthened. Wherever the traveler goes now—whether to explore the recesses of the mountain or to try the vast expanses of the plain—the same omnipresent light accompanies him; and the further he goes—and he cannot go too far, and the more he investigates—and he cannot investigate too keenly—the more does he bless the brightness which goes with him. A new problem confronts him which was unknown as he groped through mists and darkness—the relation of the world which he delights to study, and the fountain of life and light which has now revealed itself to him, and here his help comes alone from the same source as when he grappled with the mysteries around him.

Considered in its relation to science and philosophy, what is the light which, at the command of God, reveals itself to man, and which, at the same time as it reveals itself, reveals man and nature? Christ. The Sun of Righteousness. The Light which, coming into the world, lighteth every man. Without Him, the Revealer of the Godhead, all our talk of a Creator, —a Supreme Being—the Deity,—are empty names, meaning nothing. They are mere figments of the imagination, which in a materialistic age gradually give way and are replaced by the "other gods" of a false science. Many men in our day talk of the Supreme Being, and would regard it an insult were you to accuse them of unbelief in God, but whose actual belief in Him is little better than that of the Mohammedan or the Buddhist simply because they ignore Christ as the Revelation of the Creator. "For though they boast of Him in words yet in deeds they deny Jesus as the only true Saviour,"—the Saviour who saves us from evil in all its Protean manifestations.

Possessed with a living faith in Christ as the express image of the Father's person, the philosopher and the scientist may thread the mazes of the universe with a sure step. He will now be everywhere accompanied by omnipresent Light. Perplexities will not cease, nor will mystery disappear. But that will not be the fault of the light that illumines, but of the eye that sees. Nor will it always appear to the careless observer that he has this light. His conclusions may on many points harmonize so far with the conclusions of those who deny his light, that they will strive to claim him as a disciple; but in the end the radical difference which exists between him and the unbeliever even on points where they seem to agree, will come out in strong lines. And just so surely as the way of him that trusts to reason alone for the solution of the problems of the world, leads to confusion and defeat, so surely is his way confirmed who by a living faith receives the living Light which is a guide unto our feet in whatever way of life we walk.

Q.

Each solitary kind action that is done, the whole world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted any one, unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness, keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the breadth of centuries.—F. W. Faber.

Patience makes the soul to be of one mind with God, and sweetens all the ills of life. It casts the light of Heaven upon them, and transforms them into good. It made the bitter waters sweet, the barren and dry land fruitful. Desolation it makes loveliness with God; the parching of sickness to be the fire of His love; weakness to be His strength; wounds to be health; emptiness of all things to have all things from Him; poverty to be true riches; His deserved punishment to be His rainbow of mercy; death to be His life.—Dr. Pusey.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God.

Family Reading.

For The Messenger.

LIFE'S PARADOX.

By Florence Trail.

Every loss of earthly pleasure,
Every pain or woe
Is a call to come up higher,
Greater joys to know.

Each attempt at self-denial,
Method e'en Divine
To a hundred times recover
That which we resign.

Earthly clouds reveal Heaven's sunshine,
Days without a night,
For "at evening time" 'tis written
That "it shall be light."

Ears are dulled to earth's harsh noises
Heavenly strains to hear;
Eyes long closed to human folly
See that God is near.

Deaf Beethoven gave us music,
Blind John Milton sight;
Silence woke eternal echoes,
Darkness showed us light.

Hearts are torn from transient treasures,
Stripped of seeming joy,
To be filled with endless rapture,
Love free from alloy.

Sated hearts loathe even sweetness,
Joys their aims defeat;
To the hungry and the craving
Bitter things are sweet.

If you've made no foot-sole journey,
Faith and might not proved,
From the wild you cannot issue
Leaning on the Loved.

If we lose our life we save it,
Moment's loss, eternal gain;
If we die, we live undying,
If we suffer, reign.

Highest symbol of earth's story,
Sign which nations own,
Is a cross, the path to glory,
Sole pledge of a crown.

Chastisement is proof of son ship,
Fiery baptism, love.
Can you drink the cup of God-head?
Sit with Him above!

Harrodsburg, Ky., April 1882.

MISS CHAPIN'S EXPERIMENT.

By Mrs. C. Emma Cheney.

"Neenah, are you ready to come out?"
No answer.

"Neenah, Neenah, do you hear?"
A rustling noise as of some one moving about was the only sound.

Sadly Miss Chapin turned from the closed door, and went slowly to the study.

Once admitted, she said dismally:
"I have come to see you about Neenah. She still refuses to yield, and there is but one penalty left."

"Well, well," Mr. Allen replied, a little impatiently, "I can't see why that should not be resorted to, if she remains surly and disobedient."

"This is her second day of confinement in her own room without communication, and she is as hard as ever," Miss Chapin went on. "If the poor girl were not an Indian, having had no mother's teaching to help her, I should not feel so badly."

"But you would have her obey, surely? I see no way left now but the 'solitary confinement' with bread and water diet and the hard bed—yes, Miss Chapin, that above all," Mr. Allen urged. "A wholesome use of both will be beneficial to Miss Neenah Crow Wing. At all events we'll try it."

Seeing that all discussion was useless, the teacher again returned to her willful pupil. This time she entered without the permission which she had asked in vain.

Seating herself beside the girl, she took one of Neenah's tawny hands in her own, and tried to win her to a right mind by gentle argument. Now and then the dull red of the Indian girl's cheek grew a shade more bright, but by neither word nor sign did she reply.

After half an hour spent so fruitlessly, Miss Chapin left her. With a light step she hastened once more to the study.

"Mr. Allen, at the risk of being unwelcome, I have to trouble you again upon the same business."

"Will you let me try an experiment in Neenah's case?"

Mr. Allen hesitated. "You must not let that girl off scot free," he said at length.

"But may I not choose her punishment?"

"Well, if you will really inflict a punishment—yes, I think I can trust your discretion. Will you tell me what it is?"

"If you insist, certainly; but I would rather not. Will you not wait to see the result?"

"I would like to know beforehand."

"Very well, then," and the bright flush rose to Miss Chapin's cheek, but she spoke very quietly; "I am going to bear Neenah's penalty for her."

"You will do no such thing, madam," he exclaimed excitedly. "The person who commits an offense in this school must bear the consequences."

"That was not our Lord's way in dealing with us," she answered softly. "It surely must be safe to follow His example. I beg you to permit me to stand in this poor girl's place this once," she pleaded. "That nothing else can conquer her I am sure; this may not, but let me try."

The Principal was all out of patience. "Fiddle-de-dee!" he exclaimed. "Have we returned to the times of knight-errantry?" Then, seeing Miss Chapin's disappointment in her face, he added, pleasantly, "But do as you please. Send for me in time to make your will, however, for you are sure to end your days in the 'dark chamber' if you wait for Neenah's repentance."

Miss Chapin went straight to the culprit. "Neenah," she said kindly, "Mr. Allen has sentenced you to the 'dark chamber' until you are willing to do what is right, and you know only too well, poor girl, what that means."

Neenah's face only grew more dogged. "I grieve to think of you, dear, shut up in that lonely room so dark and bare, with such a hard bed to lie upon, and only your own naughty heart for companionship. So I have asked Mr. Allen to forgive you freely, and I am going to bear your punishment for you."

The girl started and looked at Miss Chapin, then fell into her state of dull indifference again.

"When you wish my forgiveness, Neenah, come to me and I will give it to you. I shall not see you again till you come to seek me."

So saying the teacher closed the door after her, and immediately gave herself up, a prisoner in the "dark chamber."

Neenah could hear the key distinctly as it turned upon her friend, but she also felt a keen sense of her own freedom.

In her stolid way she tried to enjoy her liberty.

It was Saturday, and in the general bustle of a holiday Miss Chapin was scarcely missed.

The affair was known only to a few, and no explanations were necessary.

Sunday evening found her still a prisoner. That night the chapel was crowded, for a stranger addressed the students, and the singing was especially attractive.

During the services Mr. Allen received the urgent message that Miss Chapin desired to see him immediately.

She had been conscious for an hour that some one was stealthily moving outside her door, and at last a paper had been thrust under it. She had sent for Mr. Allen to ask that this paper might be examined as soon as possible, as she had no light.

It was from Neenah. In rude, unformed letters the poor child told how she had lain awake all the long night thinking of her teacher, and what she was suffering for her sake. She could bear it no longer, and she humbly begged to be forgiven, promising to be a good girl always.

Even Mr. Allen's heart was touched, and Miss Chapin wept for joy. They went together to Neenah's little room, and found her crying bitterly. Nor was she ashamed of her tears. She repeated her promise of obedience most gladly.

Ignorant and unreasoning, Neenah faithfully kept her word. And in this, as well as in her tender love for her teacher, this Indian girl put many a follower of the blessed Jesus to shame; for we often forget who bore our punishment because He first loved us.—S. S. Times.

THE RESCUE.

Several years ago a ship was burned near the mouth of the English Channel. Among the passengers was a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter, not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool, but the mother and her infant were crowded overboard, and unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still on the ship. They drifted out of the channel on the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck with her little one clasped to her breast.

Late in the afternoon of that day a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving slowly along in her course. There was only a light breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to an object some distance off, which looked like a person in the water.

The officers and crew watched it for a time, and, as no vessel was near from which any one could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that it could be a human being. But, as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat and row to the object. The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with considerable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed that, as it drew near to the drifting speck, the rowers rested on their oars two or three minutes, then moved forward, took in the object or thing, they knew not which, and returned to the ship.

When the boat's crew came on board, they brought with them *this mother and her child*, alive and well; and the sailors said, that as they drew near they heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse the men ceased rowing and listened, and then the words of the beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last."

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and in about four months from the time of their separation, they were happily reunited.

What a beautiful illustration the incident affords of the truth that God never forsakes those that love Him. A child of His may be placed in circumstances of great trial, suffering with pain, sickness, lost in the desert, in peril at sea, drifting away, as it may seem from all earthly help, as were this mother and her babe, out on the deep; but he who has trusted in Him is never out of His sight, never where He cannot hear their cry for help. And although deliverance does not always come in the way hoped for or expected, yet of this we are assured, that in some way every trial and sorrow shall be made a blessing to those who love God.

Can you repeat those two verses of that sweet hymn, and feel their meaning in your heart? Many a Christian, old and young, has sung them while their eyes have grown dim with joyful tears.—*Parish Visitor*.

GOD'S WILL.

God's will is the best. We do not know what is or will be the best for us. We think we do. We think if we could only have our own will and our own way we should be perfectly happy. We think if we could be rich, or honorable, or healthy, or learned as others are, how happy we should be. But He who sees the end from the beginning, who knows our present and our future, knows best and wills best. Sometimes it would seem as if He permitted us to have our own will and way for a season, just to show us how much better it would have been had we submitted cheerfully to His will. Then the very things which we had thought were so desirable we find are full of thorns or stings, and often we are glad to escape from what we had thought was so desirable. Very many of us will also remember how we have longed for certain positions and relations in life, for the possession of certain things, and how we have lived long enough already to see that if the Lord had given us our hearts' desire, it would have made us poor, or miserable, or wretched. Then, again, we have been led by God's providence into positions or surroundings where every thing seemed to be against us. We could not think that this could be in accordance with the Divine will, but that there must have been some mistake, and we, losing sight of God's hand, began to find fault with secondary causes and to complain bitterly of our lot. How often, in the end, we have ascertained to our comfort and joy that these were just the positions for us, and that our highest happiness was found in them. I would not say that we always see how the Divine will is, or will be, for the best. No; we are too blinded; our standpoint is too narrow; our faculties are too limited. But the revelations of this are so frequent, even in this world, that we cannot doubt that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." O, when the clear light of that eternal day breaks over our souls, then we shall see that "He hath done all things well," that His will was the best!—*Sermons on the Higher Life*, by the Rev. Dr. L. R. Dunn.

GRANDFATHER DICKIE.

The play was, that Dickie should be grandfather, and little cousin Faye should be grandmother, and the children should come to visit them. So the grandparents made ready.

Dickie got out his own grandfather's slippers, and stepped into them, put the gold-bowed spectacles astride his pug nose, then went to grumbling in no gentle tone: "Where is the morning paper? It does seem strange that that paper cannot be let alone! Every day I have to hunt for it until I get so tired that when it is found I don't want it. Scat! you wretch! You are always under foot."

And he gave an imaginary cat a vigorous kick with his slipper, which must have hurt, for there was a miserable yowl in the room at once; so natural that it brought Grandmother Faye to the room to see what was the matter.

"Isn't Muff here?" she asked. "I thought I heard her."

"No, she isn't here!" declared Dickie, in the grandfatherly sharp tone. "I just kicked her down stairs; she's always prowling around under foot. I've told those children a dozen times never to let her into the library, but that is all the good it does. No attention is ever paid to anything I say. Tell those children to keep still; I want two minutes of quiet, if it is to be had in this world."

Whereupon he settled himself in the arm-chair, his feet on a hassock, his large handkerchief thrown over what was supposed to be the bald part of his head.

"Why, Dickie Dunlap!" said Faye, "you don't act the least bit in the world like a grandfather. They never scold, and kick cats, and speak cross about the children."

"I should think they didn't!" said Dickie, in utter astonishment. "Haven't I heard them do it ten hundred times! This very morning my grandfather scatted

Muff out of this room, and told me if he ever found her in here again he'd have her drowned in the lake; and he is always and forever fussing about the noise we children make; and the paper is always gone; mother says she believes it is alive, and slips away on purpose."

"Well," said Faye, with her head on one side, as she always set it when she was in a very thoughtful mood, "may be there's a difference in grandfathers; but ours always speaks to us in the nicest voice, and when mamma thinks we make too much noise, and says, 'Hush!' grandpa says, 'Never mind, mamma, let the kitlets frolic, so long as their voices are pleasant. I don't mind the noise; it does my old heart good.' And he says 'dearie' to me, and grandpa's little man' to Arthur, and he is just lovely all the time."

"I should think there was a difference in grandfathers!" declared Dickie. "Grandfather never calls me a little man; and I've heard him say children are a nuisance and all cats ought to be shot; and he thinks this is a mean, ugly world all the time, except when he is taking a nap."

Meantime Faye was still thinking. "But, Dickie," she began again more earnestly, "we never let grandpa hunt for the paper; we children see that it is ready for him every day after dinner; that is our business; if we should forget it, mamma wouldn't like it at all. And we don't go into grandpa's side of the library only when he invites us; and we never meddle with his things; mamma wouldn't like it; and we wouldn't like to bother him either."

"Well," said Dickie, a roguish light in his handsome eyes, "may be there is a difference in grandchildren, too. I shouldn't wonder if there was."

Who do you think stood by the window in the next room and heard all this talk? Why Dickie's grandfather!

He listened, and sighed heavily two or three times; then he took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Poor old man! I think he was sorry he had the name of being so cross.—*The Pansy*.

ONE BY ONE.

By Adelaide Proctor.

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all."

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

"One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go."

"One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land."

"Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again."

"Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminoise the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care."

"Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond."

"Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chains be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

INTERRUPTED SERVICE.

We were recently called to sympathize with an esteemed Christian friend, whose earnest labors for the Master were temporarily arrested by severe illness. His position in the Church was one of great responsibility, and it seemed to our human view most disastrous to have such service interrupted. As time passed away, however, it became more and more evident that the present loss was only God's method for the attainment of higher good. He suffered, indeed; but the ordeal was most salutary. He thus came into the possession of the "broken spirit" and the "contrite heart." He saw that he had been building upon the great foundation "wood, hay, stubble;" that there was much of self still lingering within; that there had not been always a full loyalty to Christ; and that a weak faith had rendered his service ineffectual.

What wonderful love does the heavenly Father manifest in such discipline! During these long and weary night vigils the soul comes into a closer fellowship. When outward succor fails we are driven to His embrace. He is never more to us a faithful God than in these very crucial experiences. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Christian living in the midst of holy activities may forget the God he serves. He may become so accustomed to assist in marshalling the militant host, that, by an unconscious impulse, he may displace the Commander, and assume to guide. He may become so much absorbed in details as to overlook the secret power of Christ—the only power in a soul that can make its work of any value.

When, therefore, we are the subjects of

God's gracious discipline, let us "count it all joy." Let us patiently endure His will. Afterward there will appear the blessed fruits of righteousness—"meekness, gentleness, faith." "While we look not at the things which are seen" each earthly trial will be a link in God's chain of divine discipline, by which we shall attain "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

"Mamma," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken my china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief. Go upstairs and wait till I send for you." And this was a mother's answer to a fearful little culprit who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault.

With a disappointed, disheartened look the child obeyed, and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to blossom into life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison! 'Tis true "an angel might shrink from the responsibilities of a mother." It needs an angel's powers. The watch must not for an instant be relaxed; the scales of justice must always be nicely balanced; the hasty word that the overtaxed spirit sends to the lips must die there before it is uttered. The timid and sensitive child must have a word of encouragement in season; the forward and presuming checked with gentle firmness. There must be no deception, no trickery for the keen eye of childhood to detect; and above all, when the exhausted brain sinks with ceaseless vigils, perhaps, and the thousand petty interruptions and unlooked for annoyances of every hour set at defiance any attempt at system, still must that mother wear an unruffled brow, lest the smiling cherub on her knee catch the angry frown. Still must she rule her own spirit, lest the boy so engrossed with his toys repeat the next moment the impatient word his ear has caught. For all the duties faithfully performed a mother's reward is in secret and silence. Even he on whose earthly breast she leans is too often unmindful of the noiseless struggle till too late, alas! he learns to value the delicate hand that has kept in unceasing flow the thousand springs of his domestic habits.—*Ex.*

TWO PICTURES.

"Look on this picture, and then on that." A young man twenty-five years of age; a devout member of Church, always at prayer-meeting urging others to be faithful; an earnest Bible Class teacher; opposed to drinking, theaters, cards, and even to smoking; an example which any youth could safely follow. Six or eight years later the same person, a non-attendant at the house of God, except at intervals; an occasional drinker, a Sabbath-breaker, no longer interested in the Sabbath-school, and wearing a hard, wordly expression. Can it be one and the same man? The first would have been startled if the second had been pointed out as the himself to be. We have seen these pictures; we saw and considered them well; we looked upon them and received instruction. *Little by little the change has been wrought.* Hundreds are almost unconsciously undergoing it.—*Christian Advocate*.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

CUP PUDDING.—A favorite cup pudding is made of six eggs, beaten very light, seven tablespoonsful of flour, and one pint of sweet milk. Stir these all together briskly, and bake in cups. Serve with sauce.

TEN-MINUTE CAKE.—One-fourth of a pound of butter, a little less than a pound of flour, the same of sugar, six eggs beaten separately; flavor with mace or other flavoring to taste, and bake in muffin rings.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—They may be made on baking day by taking up a little dough, pulling out to thickness of doughnuts; cut two and one-half inches in length, drop in boiling lard, and fry like doughnuts, to be eaten with butter like biscuit. Some cooks work into the dough a little butter, and let it rise before frying in the lard. They are delicious with coffee for breakfast.

CAKE OR FRUIT SANDWICHES.—Cake or fruit sandwiches are made thus: Four eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter; warm the butter and beat it to a cream, then stir the flour and sugar into it gradually; beat up the eggs and stir them in. Beat the cake well for half an hour and bake in a rather quick oven. If for sandwiches, slice the cake in half, and put the preserves between.

SAVE THE GRAVY.—With butter costing from thirty-five to forty-five cents a pound, the careful housewife should see that no drippings from beef or mutton are thrown away, and that all the bits of suet left in slices of beef are cut off before the meat is cooked; keep them in a cool place, and when you have enough to cover the bottom of a basin, "fry" them on the stove, and save the fat thus obtained for cooking purposes. As foundation for gravy, and to season warmed over potatoes, it is excellent. Bacon and salt pork gravy should also never be wasted.

TABLE HINTS.—A clean, tastefully laid table is to the appetite what clean polished windows are to the soul; it lets in something to cheer and strengthen. How much better water tastes from a clean, polished glass; the tin tea and coffee pots bright; the edges of the dishes free from dabs of the food they contain, and all required articles on the table, spoons, salt-cellars and castor full of salt, vinegar, and pepper, so it is not necessary for somebody to jump up from the table every few minutes to supply some need. This is not only annoying to a company, but particularly bad manners, besides exhibiting one's lack of forethought, planning, and execution.

Youth's Department.

DON'T.

Don't always be wishing for what you can't get, For wishes are vain that cannot be met.
Don't always be moping because you feel blue, 'Twill make you unhappy, and other folks, too.
Don't always be fretting if something goes wrong And not to your liking; it won't be for long:
For though the sky cloudy to-day may appear, To-morrow it may be all sunny and clear.
Don't always be grumbling, because you have not All that you wish for; be content with your lot.
Don't envy a man because he has wealth; Though you have not riches, be thankful for health.
Don't despise any man because he is poor, His heart may be truer than one who has more,
And he may be more willing to help his friends Than he whom wealth and good fortune attends.
Don't miss any chances to do a good deed, The naked to clothe, the hungry to feed;
For you never will be the loser thereby, And may be rewarded—who knows?—by and by.
Boston Home Journal.

DON'T FORGET THE BEST.

By Mrs. Susan T. Perry.

"I do wish I could have some jewelry to wear," said Ethel Moore, as she came from school into the kitchen, where her grandmother was getting the supper. "Kate Grant's father has brought her a beautiful ring from Europe. It is a cameo, and just as pretty as it can be. Maude Welch has a new locket, and chain, too, that her uncle sent her for a birthday present. I think it is just horrid to be poor!" With this exclamation Ethel threw her geography on the table with such muscular power that it seemed as if the whole surface of the earth must have received a severe shock, and the little towns and villages have become mixed up together in great confusion. Then her poor arithmetic was thrown down much after the same manner. The long rows of figures certainly stood in great danger of coming into such sudden collisions with each other, as to cause them to be covered with black and blue spots. The noisy demonstrations jarred upon dear grandmamma's nerves, and her hand trembled so that she dropped one of the pretty teacups which she was putting upon the table, and broke it.
"What is the matter with my little grand-daughter to-night, I wonder?" she said, as she picked up the broken pieces of china.
"I'm so vexed," said the little girl, "at our station in life. I wonder why my father can't be a Judge, or a Member of Congress, or President of the United States, or something high-sounding and mighty." With this remark Ethel burst into a flood of tears, and buried her face in good grandmamma's clean gingham apron. Grandmamma laid her wrinkled but loving hand upon the little girl's head, and then she imprinted a sweet kiss upon her wet cheek.
"I am sorry that my dear little girl is so unhappy to-night. I wish you could have some of those pretty adornments you wish for so much, although grandmamma thinks, as thought an old-fashioned English mother years ago, that children are pretty enough without any trimmings. You know your papa loves you just as much as Judge Grant loves his little daughter, and if he could afford it, would give you the little trinkets which you think would make you so happy."
"I've heard the words 'economy' and 'afford' until I perfectly detest them," replied Ethel. "I know rich people are a great deal happier than poor people are, and I do wish we were rich."
"I must tell you a story," said grandmamma, as she sat down in the large rocking chair and put her arms around Ethel. "It is a legend that the German grandmothers tell their grandchildren when they get discontented with their condition, and wish to have something they have not.
"Many hundred years ago there was a shepherd who tended his sheep in the high pastures among the mountains of Saxony. For a number of years he was very contented and happy; but after awhile he began to neglect watching his sheep, and some of them wandered away, and he had a great deal of trouble finding them again. The shepherd forgot to watch his sheep because he was wishing all the time to be in some other station of life. One day when he was walking about the pasture, he saw a very curious flower which he had never seen before; he broke it off from the stalk, and instantly the mountain near

which he was standing opened, and he saw a cave inside full of gold and diamonds. He looked with perfect astonishment, and trembled with fear, for he saw what the Germans call a 'Kobold' sitting inside. The 'Kobold' called him in. 'O how splendid!' the poor shepherd exclaimed, as he went in and looked about him. 'Take all you want,' said the Kobold, 'but don't forget the best.' The shepherd laid the flower down upon the floor, and began filling his pockets with gold and diamonds. When they were as full as they could be, he said 'Thank you, thank you,' and was going out, but the Kobold said again 'Mind you don't forget the best.' The shepherd went in again, and filled his hat with the largest diamonds—his accumulations made him stagger. 'Don't forget the best,' said the Kobold as he passed through the door. Instantly the mountains closed up again, and when the shepherd looked at his treasures, behold they had turned into pebbles and leaves. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best—the flower which was the key-flower that opened all those treasures. I am told that when the little German children get discontented with their lot in life, and have to work harder than they wish to, that they leave their sheep or whatever they have in their charge, and spend hours of precious time hunting for the key-flower. Then everything goes wrong with them, and when they come home they have to hunt up and regulate whatever has gone astray or got into disorder.
"Now, my dear Ethel, the key-flower to our having the best of the things that bring real happiness, can be picked right in our own homes. 'Jewels,' my dear, are not all made of gold and precious stones. I heard your dear papa say a few days ago, 'What a jewel my little girl is.' Hark! I hear him coming now. Don't forget the best, Ethel."
Ethel knew the best would be to run out and meet papa with a loving kiss, as she did, although I think her dear papa noticed a shade of discontent upon her face. Our faces tell tales from the heart almost always.
Papa felt sorry that his little girl was unhappy, but after supper he took his motherless child into his lap, and drew her very lovingly close to his heart. She was all he had in the world, he said, and were it not for his Ethel he would be very unhappy.
Before Ethel went to sleep, she whispered into grandmamma's ear "Please do not ever tell dear papa that I wished he was a Member of Congress, or a Judge, for he would feel so sorry, and he is the dearest papa in the whole world, better than all the Presidents that ever lived. I'll try to always remember and not 'forget the best,' and that is dear papa's good, loving heart—if he is poor, he is just as true and kind as he can be. I am going to ask God to-night to let the little key-flower that unlocks so many treasures, always grow in my heart; then I shall be so happy, and whenever I do begin to think of the pretty things I cannot have, I will remember all the other good blessings the kind Father above has given me."

STRAIGHT PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a short story about some of the little folks who live on the prairies of Western Iowa.
When I commenced teaching, my school consisted of quite a number of boys and girls who were always busy; in fact, I never knew one of them to be idle. The time of which I speak was early in the winter, and cold weather had just begun. One evening a light snow fell, and next morning the children were very busy making snowballs or snow men, and were all having a good time, when Johnny cried out:
"Let's make a wheel!"
So at it they went. Selecting a hazel bush as the centre, they all started out in different directions, each taking twenty steps from the bush. This being done, they looked behind to see their paths, which were to be the spokes of the wheel. But alas! there was only one straight track.
"Charlie," said the others, "how did you keep your track so straight?"
"Why, that is easy enough to tell," said Charlie. "I took that pole for my mark and kept my eyes on it, and never looked down once."
"But," said Joe, "I took that bush for my mark, and didn't get my path as straight as yours. Why was that?"
"Because you kept looking at us," said

the others, "instead of keeping your eyes on the mark."
So remember this, boys, and girls too. You all have a path to make, and the steps are your actions. They will show more plainly than you think. Better begin right, then, and make a determination to live a Christian life; asking help from the Lord, and doing all the good you can. Then you will make straight paths in life, as Charlie did in the snow. Instead of looking at others' imperfections, keep your eyes on your perfect mark.
POOR JOEY.
He was a handsome boy, with blue eyes and yellow curly hair. He put his arms around his mother's neck, and gave her tender little kisses. "Do please to let me go! you are such a dear mamma."
"But, Joey dear, it will be after eight o'clock before you can get home; and you will be tired and sleepy, and to-morrow morning the lessons will suffer."
"O mamma, no, not a bit. I know my spelling lesson now, and the geography is the little speck of a lesson; it won't take me ten minutes in the morning to learn it. And arithmetic is review. Do, please, mamma! all the other boys go, younger boys than I am."
"See here, Joey, tell me why you want to go? Is it because all the other boys do?"
"No, ma'am, that isn't the only reason; it is because, because—" and Joey hung his head, and his cheeks turned a bright rosy color.
"Joey, is it because you love Jesus that you want to go to the little boys' prayer-meeting and hear about Him?"
"Yes'm," said Joey in a soft whisper, and his head drooped low on his mother's shoulder. Then she kissed him, and sat and thought. Her little boy never went out in the evening; but it was lovely moonlight, and the meeting closed at eight, and it was but a little way, and the other boys all went, and he was nine years old. The end of it was that she brushed his hair, and fastened on a fresh collar, and tied his blue necktie in a neat bow, and sent him away to the boys' prayer-meeting in his pastor's study. After he was gone she went around with a smile on her face and a song in her heart, she was so glad that Joey loved Jesus and wanted to go to the prayer-meeting.
Alas, and alas! Do you think the blue-eyed boy in a clean collar went to the prayer-meeting that night? No, he didn't. Do you think he meant to go? I cannot even say that for him. He meant to go, and he went, down to the lake in company with five other boys, and hopped into a boat named the *Sea Bird*, and rowed around in the moonlight until the clock struck eight.
No, he wasn't drowned nor hurt in any way; and he came home at just the time his mother expected him; and she kissed him and called him her dear boy, and asked him no questions about the prayer-meeting because she thought he was tired and sleepy and ought to go to bed.
To bed he went, but his mother's kiss seemed to burn on his cheek. He tumbled and tossed and turned his pillow until it was a rumpled heap. It was long, long before he slept, and when he did, O, what ugly dreams! Do you wonder? Perhaps he dreamed about the kisses that he gave his mother; perhaps he dreamed that his name was Judas. I should have thought he would. Can you tell why? Poor Joey! and poor, poor mother! How sorry I am for them both.—*The Pansy.*

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.

The papers have lately told us of a number of distressing deaths by fire. Great hotels and warehouses have suddenly burst into sheets of flame in the night, and frantic people have either perished in the dreadful blaze or, throwing themselves from windows, have been dashed to pieces in the street. I hope that none of my young friends may ever have to pass through so awful an experience. But if you should be surprised, at night or in the daytime, by the presence of smoke in your rooms, do not lose your wits if you can help it.
Remember at such a moment that although you are in great danger, there are friends near who will try, if possible, to come to your assistance. Do not open doors or windows wildly, and waste no precious moments in standing and screaming for help. Instead, think if you can of the straightest way out, quickly wrap a thick shawl or blanket around you, covering your head and your hair, and then creep on your hands and knees to the

door or the stairway. There is always air to breathe near the floor.
If you are in the room with others, and a lamp is upset or some floating drapery takes fire, recollect that you must smother the flames by throwing a rug on them, pulling curtains or hangings down, and covering them with a carpet or a quilt, or in some similar way stop the current of air on which fire feeds. If a child's apron catches from the grate or stove, wrap a shawl or blanket about the little creature promptly, and roll her on the floor.
You can not be too careful with regard to matches, candles, and lamps. Those of you whose homes are lighted with kerosene or other oils should ask the person who takes care of the lamps always to fill them in the morning, never doing so after night-fall. A properly filled lamp is not likely to explode. Servants should be warned to be extremely careful in the use of kerosene. They should not be allowed to pour it upon their kindling-wood in order to light a fire quickly. Make it a rule never to trifle with a fire, which is a great comfort in its proper place, but a dreadful foe when beyond our control.—*Harper's Young People.*
THE CRICKET AND THE TEA-KETTLE.
By Susan Hartley Swett.
The first star peeps within the pane
This cold and frosty weather,
When the cricket and the tea-kettle
Commence to sing together:
O chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.
The cricket 'neath the hearth-stone bright
Is piping summer glories;
The kettle o'er the glowing coals
Is telling sweet home stories.
O chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.
Puss sits upon the warm soft rug
With eyes that dance and glisten;
The old folk lean back in their chairs,
And smile, and softly listen.
O chirr, chirr, chirr, O bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.
The children gather round the hearth,
Their faces bright with laughter;
The fire-light sheds its rosy glow
On each old beam and rafter.
And chirr, chirr, chirr, and bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.
Oh, in the farmer's kitchen
These winter nights are cheery;
The bare boughs creak, the wind complains,
The world without is dreary.
But chirr, chirr, chirr, and bubble, bubble, bubble—
There's nothing like a song to charm away life's trouble.
—*Harper's Young People.*
AN ALLEGORY.
A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits and other things, which he thought would please the little boy. Taking him to a door at one end of the room, he said to him:
"My son, pass down this hall, and whatever you are pleased with, you may take for your own upon one condition—you are not to turn back. When you have gone the whole length of the table, and have made your decision, go out at the other door, and bring me what you have chosen."
Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect; he ate and drank, and gathered his hands and arms full of treasures, and presently tiring of what he had, he threw them away to make room for some more glittering toy which attracted him farther on; but which when secured somehow did not please nor satisfy him as much as he had expected, and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, or he saw something still farther on which he thought more desirable. Now, instead of being happy in having his choice of all these good things, the little boy grew irritable and dissatisfied. At length he appeared before the king with a sorrowful countenance, and in his hands were a few broken toys.
"Is this all, my son, that you have brought me out of the great variety from which you had to choose?" "Yes, father," sobbed the weeping boy; "that which pleased me at first seemed so poor and inferior, when I had them, to that which I saw farther on, that I could not be content, and always hoping to secure something to please me better, I could not make my choice, and now these are all I have. Oh,

if I might go back once more!" "Not so, my son," said the king, "that cannot be; but let this lesson sink deep in your heart. As you go through life, enjoy each day all there is in it of pleasure and happiness; do not look back with vain regrets, nor live in anticipation of future joys oblivious of those which are within your reach. Let each day bring you its measure of comfort and cheer. The present is all you are ever sure of; by wisely improving it your memories of the past will be pleasant and your future happiness will be assured."
JOHNNY'S SEVEN-MINUTE SERMON ON PATIENCE.
Johnny was seven years old and his brother Willie almost five. Johnny took his stand on a stool, with the sewing machine in front of him for a pulpit, and with Willie sitting in a huge chair on the other side of the room for his congregation.
When all was ready, and Willie had got through fussing with the rag on his sore finger, Johnny began his sermon by saying:
"I will make a few brief remarks onto a short text—Be patient. Firstly, be patient to everybody.
"Must I let all what's bigger'n me push me 'round jest's they's mind to?"
"It isn't proper to talk in meeting," replied Johnny, "because it disturbs the services. But papa and mamma are bigger than you; and they don't push you around either. They only put you out where you don't belong to. And Maggie—she's bigger than you; and she can't have a little tow-head between her and the bread-board when she's mixing bread and between her and the kettle when she's frying doughnuts, and between her and—" "I ain't a tow-head," chimed in Willie.
"My hair's just as black as—as—" "As flax," suggested Johnny.
"Yes, sir-ee, jest as black as flax," repeated Willie in a tone of triumph.
"And then," continued Johnny, "there's me that's bigger than you. But I don't push you around, though."
"Preachers ought to tell the truf," exclaimed Willie, with a sharp look at the speaker.
"Well!—let's leave that point and pass on to the next.
"Secondly: Be patient everywhere."
"When I burn my fingers mustn't I holler?" exclaimed Willie.
"Of course when you burn your fingers you may holler some, but when mamma gets the rag ready to tie it up you mustn't jerk it away and scream so as to arise the neighbors. And when you play with Jimmie Dickson you mustn't get pouty because he can run faster than you. And when you want to come into the house you mustn't kick the door and scream—" "Let me in, why don't you?" And when dinner isn't 'most ready you mustn't—" "Dear me," broke in Willie, "isn't this sermon almost out?"
"Thirdly: Be patient always.
"When you get late in the morning, and your breakfast is all cold because you didn't come when you were called; and when I can't find the button hook because you have hung it on the morning-glory vine; and—what more shall I say?" "Say amen," shouted Willie.
Just then the door opened softly, and pussy came walking into the room. Willie sprang forward, took puss up in his arms, and ran off to find his mamma, telling puss as he went, "I can be patient to everybody and patient everywhere and patient always—'cept when you scratch me, you naughty kitty, and when Johnny preaches a awful long sermon."
And so the meeting closed without the benediction.—*N. C. Advocate.*
Pleasantries.
Down in Ohio it is considered good luck to see a bull over your right shoulder—in case you are within ten feet of the fence.
A bald-headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.
When a cowboy goes in to a Western newspaper office to demand satisfaction, the editor always explains that the assistant who wrote that article "has just gone out to kill a man, but will be back in a few minutes." The cowboy never waits.
"Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, "I wish you would go and see to the furnace. That girl Kate is putting in coal as if she was firing a locomotive." And when Spicer remarked that the girl was perhaps a railway-cinder-Kate, Mrs. S. grew warmer than ever.

THE MESSENGER.

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We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1883.

Although the solemn season of the Church Year into which we have just entered may not be marked by perfunctory observances, we hope our people will make it a period of self-examination and prayer. It will be well too, to test ourselves by denials because we can in that way get some idea of the strength of our inclinations. Our indisposition to sacrifice any particular indulgence is sure to indicate our weak point, and should at once show us where abstinence is necessary for us. And the harder it is to sacrifice any mere worldly pleasure the more necessary it is for us to do so. What seem to be wreaths of roses may soon harden into fetters from which we cannot free ourselves. The chains may hang loosely and give us no discomfort until we resist them, and then they will bruise our shackled limbs.

Our pastors from this time on to Easter will be most earnestly engaged with their catechetical classes. Those who have not had experience in the work have no conception of the travail of soul that attends it. It is pursued in the midst of discouragements that often tempt a man to sit down and give up. The whole tide of the world's life is of course against it, and what is worse, a large part of the Church has abandoned it for mere expedients. It is not seconded by family influences. The children are gathered with difficulty around the pastor for one or two hours in the week, and all the rest of the time—even at home, they are steeped in another element.

We exhort our pastors to keep up their work in prayer and faith notwithstanding the adverse circumstances under which they may labor. The most solid,—the best outcome for the Church in every way has always been, and ever will be, through Christian nurture.

And if any tender word that we can write will influence Christian parents, we would beg them to aid their pastors in seeing that their children are confirmed in the grace of God. The secular education upon which so much care is bestowed is nothing compared with their spiritual interests, and now is the time when those greater interests are to be secured. Oh, loving mothers who have gathered your little ones at your side, and taught them as they knelt in their white slips and folded their tiny hands, to pray to Jesus, do not allow them now to wander from the fold.

The funeral of Rev. Christian Keller took place at Bridesburg on Tuesday, 6th inst. Rev. F. W. Berleman conducted the services at the house. The remains were then taken to the church where suitable discourses were delivered by Drs. Kuelling and Gehr, after which Rev. A. A. Dinsmore of the Presbyterian Church at Bridesburg spoke in high terms of the deceased pastor's work, and very tenderly commended the widow and the fatherless children to the care of the congregation and the entire community. Revs. Scheer, Neuber and Davis also took part in the services. Besides these brethren, Revs. J. I. Good, C. E. W. Beyer and Dr. Van Horne of our Church with Rev. Mr. Luckow of the Reformed (Dutch) Church and Rev. Thos. Harrison of the Methodist Church, were present. It was sad to lay the body, of the faithful minister under the snow, that wintry day, and to witness the sad desolation of his former home, but when the words of Christ, "I am the Resurrection and the Life" were uttered they seemed to attemper the wail of the widow and the cries of the orphans, as though One more powerful than death were speaking of victory beyond the grave. We hope at some future time to publish a short history of Bro. Keller's life and ministry.

Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., has just published a history of Trinity Reformed Church, Seventh Street below Oxford, of which he is pastor. It makes a neat pamphlet of

39 pages, and gives a sketch of the rise and progress of the mission up to this time. The financial darkness through which the congregation has passed to the better day that seems to be dawning is fully described. Dr. Klopp commenced his ministry at Trinity on the 27th of May, 1867, with 23 members. The total additions since then have been 543 and the losses by death, dismissal, removal, etc., 254, "leaving the present nominal register" of members at 289, very nearly all of whom are in full and regular standing.

We expect to hear the usual cry for "Church News," now that there is but little furnished us for publication. There always is a dearth a few weeks after Christmas and Easter, although only about fifty out of seven hundred and sixty-two ministers report anything even during the flush times that follow immediately upon the leading Church festivals. We make note of all the items sent to us and of all that we can gather from any reliable source, but we cannot go beyond that. If there was a meeting of some Church Court every week and we could attend and get the news as Spurgeon says he gets his sermons, by pumping them out of the brains of his people, or if we had a telephone to every pastoral charge the want might be supplied. We could then get not only an abundance of Church items but a large and handsome assortment of gossip that would make things lively and give us lots of material to throw back at the annual pommeling the editor, and the whole Board of Publication have learned to expect during regular meetings of the Synods. But that is impossible and perhaps undesirable.

Another plan might be to invent Church news, like the man who contracted to manufacture anecdotes of the Mexican War for campaign documents while General Taylor was running for President. But then, to say nothing of good morals, we might say that some brother received a flattering call from a prominent congregation when he only wanted one, or that his people were devoted to him when they were starving him to death. And so we must confine ourselves to such statements as may be true, and depend upon the brethren to send them to us.

Upon inquiry we learn that two of our aged ministers, Revs. H. S. Bassler and W. R. Yearick are now very ill. Father Bassler was paralyzed some time during the last two years, and that led him to resign the Deep Creek charge of which he was then pastor. He is now with his son-in-law Rev. W. M. Landis at Rebersburg, Pa., in a helpless condition, and to him the Master's call will be a relief. His active ministry covered forty-eight years, during which time he was a hard worker and an acceptable preacher. Father Yearick is now living in Jacksonville, Centre Co., Pa., in a house provided for him by his son. He has been afflicted with rheumatism for years, but kept up his preaching even when he had to be carried in his chair to the church. For the last six months he has been confined to his bed suffering greatly. A few weeks ago all his children were home and celebrated the Lord's Supper with him in his room—"a sad, yet joyful scene," as our correspondent calls it. We cannot now give the facts before us in regard to the ministry of these venerable servants of God, but we would commend them to the remembrance and prayers of the Church.

Easter falls this year upon the 25th of March, earlier than it will come again until 1894.

The Greek Church has refused to use the same building for worship with the old Catholics at Munich, and the old "filioque" controversy is thus revived.

The Public Schools of Boston are to have a new text book on Morals, and some interest is manifested in the forthcoming work, as a Universalist, a Swedenborgian, and a Roman Catholic are on the committee to prepare it.

We sympathize with our co-worker, Dr. Hibschman, in the affliction caused by the death of his mother, which took place recently in Lancaster, Pa. There is no period in a true man's life at which he will not suffer under such a bereavement.

The Interior notes that "sixty-five adults and nine infants were added to the Presbyterian Church at Cherokee, Iowa." We are glad to see the recognition of the baptized little ones who though admitted to be members of Christ's Body by the old confessions, are in these days often practi-

cally regarded as outside of the covenant until they become sinful enough to experience a violent conversion, and are thus prepared to be brought back as spoils taken from the evil one.

CONCERNING THE DUTY OF ELDERS.

To the elders are the care and oversight of the congregation committed. They are not to serve tables, but watch for souls as those who are to give an account to the Most High. Whatever pertains to the spiritual welfare and interest of the Church is committed to them. The responsibilities of the Governor of the commonwealth of the state are not as momentous, for the value of souls cannot be computed. To them is entrusted the care of imperishable souls, destined to dwell in a sphere beyond this vale of tears. Few, it is to be feared, realize this as they should. Yet it is truth, reality, actuality.

Men do not assume the responsibilities of these spiritual interests, of interests so great, so honorable, so dignified as a matter of choice. They are chosen—elected. The hand of the Lord is in it. "The Holy Ghost has made them overseers."

The honor and dignity of the office of elder are great, and correspondingly great are also the responsibilities resting upon the men called to fill it; and no zeal, no earnestness, no diligence should be displayed in any good cause, or faithfulness, in the discharge of duty anywhere, to compare with the zeal, earnestness, diligence and faithfulness required to discharge aright the duties of the office.

Elders owe a duty to themselves. This is evident from the exhortation to them by the Apostle. They are to be men of first rank in the community in which they officiate. They should be of the best. Their walk and conversation should bewray them. They are to be influential for the elevation of their fellow-men, and are to strive to be under the tongue of good report; they are to cultivate holy disposition of soul, cherish pure thoughts, keep their hearts with diligence, manifest zeal in every good work, be godly in conversation, examples of honesty in all their business relations with men. This duty they owe to themselves. A congregation only rises to the level of its office-bearers, never higher.

The world does not concern itself about our Creed, or the form of worship we prefer and make use of in our devotions, but watches, with eagle eyes, whether we live according to the requirements of the gospel. The unbelieving host expects us to lead the life of righteousness as well as profess faith in the Son of God, the Divine Human. Nothing is more essential in order to magnify the office, as Presbyter, than living a practical Christian life, and evidencing, in this way, the spiritualizing power of Christ's religion before the world. When an office-bearer falls the shame and reproach upon the Church are very great. Those who bear office in the house of the Lord should prove immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

There are two reasons why elders should be shining examples of Christian deportment. 1st. They are entrusted with the spiritual interests of their fellow-members. 2d. Living as their office requires will be for their salvation with certainty, according to riches of grace in Christ Jesus. They must come up to the measure of their duties and privileges if they would influence others. Office-bearers are to lead the way in every laudable enterprise by which God's cause will be promoted and the name of Jesus magnified. "Those are not likely to be faithful keepers of the vineyard who do not keep their own."

Elders owe a duty to the members of the congregation. They are to watch over the same in love. They cannot be too anxious or too much concerned about the spiritual welfare of the flock of God. Of course no words of exhortation, of practical advice, and of sound admonition on their part contribute half as much to incite members to come up to the help of the Lord as their own correct deportment. Example is stronger than pious language. Of this they ought not to lose sight. Yet, "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

They are to go before every member in the faithful discharge of all Christian requirements: discharge aright their moral obligations; have tender solicitude about the welfare of the weak; nurse them as if all depended upon their efforts to make them strong in the Lord; minister to the sick; instruct and counsel the ignorant; visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and sympathize and pray with them. Their great concern should be to reach heaven, God's bosom of inexpressible love,

and to lead others with them. To lead others in the narrow way devolves upon elders as overseers of the congregation. It is their duty to promote in every way possible the spiritual interests of the people. "Feeding the flock"—"Watching over the flock," are scriptural phrases expressive of the duty they owe their fellow-members.

Elders owe a duty to the unbelieving portion of the community around them. They are to be concerned about the salvation of the dying and the perishing—the uncovenanted. They are to invite the Hobbs to join the Sacramental Host in order that they may enjoy the saving and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost, abiding with the Church as the Divine Presence. They are not to be indifferent to those without the fold, but are to labor to induce men to come to Jesus, whose blood is the antidote for sin; who is the life for the soul dead in sins and trespasses, and the only way to return to God as a Father. How sad the state of things in the house of the Lord when the overseers care not to induce dying men and women to identify themselves with the kingdom of salvation. How lamentable when the sinner feels that "no one careth for his soul." For such charge against elders there should be no valid ground.

Elders are to contribute their part in developing the members of the congregation in piety and godliness, and in strengthening them in the faith of the Son of God. They should embrace every opportunity, aye, create opportunities, to do good to the flock. "Watching in all things" is the emphatic injunction. Why? For the following reasons: God has set them apart for special service; immortal souls are entrusted to them to be kept in the way of righteousness and life eternal; the highest spiritual interests of the members are to be promoted by them; they are servants of the Lord Jesus Christ; co-workers with Christ the Head of the Church; they are watchmen on the walls of Zion; the Lord's business among men on earth is entrusted to them. The promotion of God's cause in the world ought to be paramount with them. They are to give themselves to the special work assigned them, without mental reservation, laboring diligently for the highest spiritual good of souls. They cannot make too much account, in meekness and humility, of their official position; and cannot be too earnest to discharge their responsibilities. Elders sincerely striving to discharge their duties as God gives the ability will have joy of heart, and the people among whom they are overseers will have great cause to manifest the spirit of gratitude unto God for His wise arrangement, by which men are assisted in the work of salvation. "Their labor in the Lord will not be in vain." "When the chief shepherd shall appear, they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." H.

REVISION CRITICISM.

The Revised English Version of the New Testament has called forth all sorts of criticisms. Some of these are worthy of respectful consideration; others are puerile, narrow, unlearned, and often even sarcastic and malignant.

Indeed there is a great deal of floating literature on this subject. It could not have been expected otherwise. Any change made, even in forms of expression in the "Book of God," is regarded by many as bordering on sacrilege. And when the most familiar passages are changed, all the music taken out of them, it is scarcely any wonder that many hands are held up in holy horror.

How often the minister has quoted the text, and preached from it: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" so often, that people, many at least, regard those very English words as inspired. But the untutored revisers dared to give us something else in place of those precious words, precious though spoken by a wicked king: "With but little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian." Alas! the poetry of the sentence is utterly destroyed. What could the revisers have been thinking about? Why did they change poetry into such inflexible prose? Other passages have suffered in like manner; and as a consequence there has been a great amount of adverse criticism of the work.

We do not now remember the name of the minister who preached a sermon against the Revision, from the text (and, we think, some distance from it), Rev. 22: 19. "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city," etc.,

which would mean, according to this critic, that the revisers have been guilty of a terrible sin, almost, if not quite, equal to the sin against the Holy Ghost. The text itself is a sufficient and powerful sermon against all persons who would alter the Scriptures in order to make them suit their own fond notions and theories. Whoever adds or subtracts one jot or tittle does so at infinite peril. It is God's Word, and let no one attempt to correct or improve what has been given by inspiration of Infinite Wisdom.

But all such adverse criticisms are entirely groundless, as applying to the case in hand. No matter how much we may be in love with certain beautiful passages,—which may have become part of our mental being, or so fitted and lodged into it that a violent sundering of them from it would be painful,—we must remember, that old errors, or mere outward things that have become obsolete, should not be retained merely on account of their sacred and venerable appearance. The leading object of the revisers must have been, first, to ascertain as nearly as possible the true original text, and, second, to give the same to the English reader in a faithful translation. It is, therefore, clearly not in order to quarrel with them because they did not retain for our delicate ears all the pleasant sounds and metres of the old version. That would have been, in many instances, sacrificing truth and accuracy to the demands of mere fancy or literary taste. Those Biblical scholars were charged with a great and solemn duty; and the obligation they were under to the Christian public was, not to gratify their momentary desires or fancy, but to furnish them with a New Testament that would be as nearly as possible according to the original Words which proceeded out of the mouth of God.

And then, how can we certainly know that the altered "readings and renderings" of the Revised Version may not in time become as precious to us as the familiar texts of the old?

As to the criticism based on the text referred to above, it is simply a pitiable and ridiculous begging of the question. What a preposterous idea, that the Revision Committee, composed of some of the most approved men of various Christian denominations, should fall under the awful curse of those who corrupt and despoil God's Word! Small men, it must be allowed, have a right to hold and express opinions of their own, but they have no moral right to condemn the mature work of men at whose feet they might do well to sit and learn. K.

SELF-RESPECT.

There are three ideas or sentiments, the presence or absence of which will largely determine our lives for good or make it likely that they will fall under the power of evil. The first is the idea of God's omniscience. The second is a regard for the good-will and esteem of our fellow-men. And the third is the sentiment of self-respect.

We are taught that God is not very far from each one of us. His all-seeing eye is upon us by day and by night. He penetrates the deepest recesses of the heart. Our most secret impulses, passions and purposes are thoroughly known to Him; He discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart. And whilst men judge each other by means of their language and conduct, God judges by that which lies at the basis of words and acts. Any one can see how greatly the truth, here set forth, may benefit us, how much of evil it may restrain, how much of good it may bring into being.

We are also, all our life-time, more or less under the eyes of our fellow-men. And they judge of us, from an estimate of our character, and commend or condemn those acts of our lives which come under their observation. Naturally we desire to stand well with our fellow-men. It is gratifying to be able to deserve and gain their esteem. It is humiliating to deserve and call down upon us their contempt and condemnation. To do right will as a rule gain us the respect of others. To do wrong will cause them to despise us. All can see how these facts will have a tendency to keep us in the right path, and how within certain limits, a regard for the opinion of others may powerfully influence our conduct for good.

Again, there is the sentiment of self-respect. This is different from pride, of birth, of position, of possessions, of attainments. An ancient king said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" That was pride. Self-esteem is not incom-

patible with humility, reverence for others, and gratitude to our Creator. It is founded on the fact that we have been highly distinguished by Him who is Lord of all. He made us "a little lower than the angels." He endowed us richly with the most wonderful gifts. The earth and the fulness thereof, which are His, He puts in our power, to use and to enjoy. He caused His Son to die for us. He sent His Holy Spirit into our hearts. We are destined for immortality. If the Creator has thus honored us by His gifts, it cannot surely be wrong for each individual to look upon himself as a "being apart," and have that esteem and respect for himself which the gifts of God would seem to indicate that He has for him. Does not the apostle make an attempt to awaken this, when he says, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"—"the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are?"

And what a motive to a pure and righteous life such self-esteem must be, in every case where it is properly held. The sense of God's omniscience, and His special notice and judgment of each particular act, is not present to every man, and is probably very faint in the majority of men. And for this reason its influence is limited. Many of our acts, and especially our feelings and thoughts, are of such a nature, that the probability is they will never become known to our fellow-men. And thus, a regard for what others may think of us, does not exert any influence upon us in many cases. But if a man has a high self-respect, its power will be felt continually. He is always sensible of the character of his thoughts and acts. He knows that he cannot escape from his own judgment of himself. Wickedness lowers him in his own eyes. Purity and goodness enable him to contemplate himself with satisfaction, to approve of himself. Self-respect is of such a nature as to cause us to be ashamed, before ourselves, of a mean or base act. If we have it, we will be too proud (in a good sense), we will have too high a regard for ourselves to do anything dishonorable. We do not wish to make it necessary for us to despise and loathe ourselves. Thus self-respect moulds our lives aright, preserves us from sin, and makes us wiser and better than we would be without its presence. L.

Communications.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Washington Territory.

SEATTLE, W. T., Dec. 27, 1882.

Dear Dr. Appel: Taking in hand my diary and reading its well filled pages, I find that the most appropriate superscription would be: Joy and Sorrow. Yea, in joy and sorrow, in health and sickness, the Lord has been my trust; His blessing He added to my labor; His peace and saving strength, to my heart. He that hath promised: I will not leave nor forsake thee; hath not forgotten or forsaken me.

We are perplexed, but not in despair. With this apostolic saying, I took my departure from my brethren in office in Oregon, and on the 24th of June last went to Seattle, to which mission the Classis of Portland-Oregon directed me. This field of labor having been without a pastor for a good while, can be best described when I arrived, with a single word, disorder; for where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil thing, James 3: 16. And so it was here. No one was willing to receive me. No one wished to have anything to do with the mission. No one wished to be considered as a church member. Of church debts there were plenty, but no one willing to pay. A plan had been proposed to sell the church and the ground, and pay off the debts. If you or any other brother in the ministry had gone up Cherry street to 7th for the first time, and seen the little German church and its surroundings, you would have exclaimed with myself: I tremble and quake. For the want of paint, the building had become black, and the church ground resembled a swamp, or rather a primitive forest torn by the winds. Large, thick, black trunks of trees, twenty-five feet long, lay about the place, with their roots extending thirty feet up in the air, on which the church bell might have been suspended. Of bells, however, I had not any thought; but I found it necessary to get a few seats constructed for the people; a table and a chair for myself I obtained from a lady who had just come from Germany. And so I began to preach twice on each Sunday Him who had come to seek and save those that were lost, and who had said: Upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

After I had become acquainted with the people, I brought to their earnest attention the old debts, and the new wants of the church, and urged them to press forward in the work they had undertaken. And the Spirit of the Lord made many willing to work, to give and to collect. The ice began to thaw. In the first place the church ground was cleared up and hedged in; then a room for the school and my own use was made; and lastly, the church received two coats of paint on the outside, and internally was provided with new seats. This involved an expenditure of \$309, all of which was also paid. During this time I secured subscriptions for the church, and in the beginning of August I started a Woman's Union, which at the present time numbers twelve members. This association has already done much good in the congregation. It has purchased a harmonium for \$125, a stove, a chandelier, a communion and baptismal service, and by contributions, collections and parties, obtained the whole amount of money needed with the exception of \$20.

When the school-room was finished, I commenced a week-day school with twenty scholars, and assisted by some of the members, I started a Sunday-school with forty scholars, a part of whom can read German and part have it still to

learn. Thus the missionary soon found his hands full of work; in the school, in the Sunday-school, preaching twice every Sunday, and during the week visiting the sick and others, getting subscriptions, and doing manual labor in and about the church. To the Lord be all the honor, who giveth us the power both to will and to do, also strength and faith.

Rejoicing over this good beginning and thankful for the blessing and help of God, I wrote for you a report in October, which, however, I did not forward, because God's thoughts are not our thoughts. In the conclusion of my letter, I stated that on the 19th of October there was to be a congregational meeting for the election of elders and deacons who were to be ordained and installed on the 29th following, at which time the Lord's Supper was to be held for the first time. This was my plan, but it was not carried out.

On the 16th of October I was taken sick, and I lay very ill until the 9th of November. The Lord took me out of numerous engagements, laid me upon a sick bed, and said to me: "Without me ye can do nothing." Much love I experienced during this period from the members of the congregation. The men, during the night, and the women, during the day, alternately, were at my bed-side, and took care of me. Scarcely however had I recovered from my sickness, when I was again brought into God's school. Whilst my feet were still weak, on one occasion, I had a fall and injured my foot, which up to this time is not entirely well. The time I thus suffered was long and tedious, in which I often cried out: "O, Lord! how long?" Still the Lord be praised for all things. It was a season of grace, in which He was pleased not only to show me my nothingness and frailty, but also to reveal richly His mercy, His truthfulness, His love and assistance. The Saviour, it is true, lets us sink, but not to perish.

Fuehrt Er uns durch rauhe Wege,
Gibt Er auch die noethige Pflege,
Thut uns nach dem Lauf
Seine Thueren auf!

On the first Sunday in Advent we organized in our congregation a Sunday-school association with nine members, of whose activity, and of the festival at the Christmas-tree, you will read an account in the *Kinderfreund*. On the 2d Sunday in Advent, the two deacons and two elders elected by the congregation were ordained and installed in office. The congregation at present numbers 33 communicants and 42 baptized members.

From this it will be seen that the foundation of a great work already laid has been strengthened. With God's blessing, and with the guidance of His Spirit, it will no doubt grow in a few years into a large congregation, and then a satisfaction to itself, it will be in a condition to engage in missionary work in other places.

Permit me now further to lay the wants and the petition of this young mission congregation upon the mother-heart of the church. None of the members are endowed with earthly possessions, and yet in the first half year of my labors, they have made large offerings for the cause of Christ. But for the present the demands on their liberality are too large for them to meet. In the first six months the mission raised in all nearly \$600 for necessary purposes; but the little church is without point on the inside, without an altar, and without a spire or bell; and an old indebtedness of more than \$450 has been increasing on its hands, and it must be arrested. We hope, trust and pray that the good Lord may help us out of these difficulties. In view of our great need the consistory asks the Reverend Board of Missions "to be so good as to appropriate \$200 to the mission at Seattle, W. T., to assist in paying off its present debt. In doing so it promises to remain true to the Reformed Church, and so soon as its indebtedness is paid off, to make free will offerings to the cause of missions."

If now I should describe the wants of the missionary, and that of the many missionary fields around, which are all waiting for missionaries, I believe your joy would be drowned in sorrow. Some twenty or thirty miles from Seattle there are three beautiful German settlements, to which may be added the two towns, New Tecoma and Olympia, in which there are many Germans. In New Tecoma I would cheerfully commence labor, but several reasons hold me back. I cannot at present extend my labors, until I am placed in a better financial condition. I have been teaching day and night, in order that I may be able to earn enough to keep what little of life I have. Certainly, if ministerial brethren, more favored, only knew and felt how sadly it often goes with the missionary in the far off North West in his many labors—also sickness—many would follow the example of the Rev. J. W. Love, of Greensburg, who sent the missionaries, Ewald and Kreuter, the first twelve dollars for their support. I received one-half of this amount just at a time when I had no money. God bless the dear brother and his congregation richly for this gift.

Whether the worthy Missionary Board can give me some additional help in my difficult beginning (also on account of my illness), so that I may be able to pay my doctor's bill (\$52), I leave to their wise discretion. Having told you of the joys and sorrows of this mission and its missionary I now commend myself and this little flock to your sincere intercessions at the throne of grace. If the Lord remains our trust, our blessing, our salvation and peace, then all will go well with us. Receive the kindest greetings and love from yours truly in the Lord.

A. KREUTER.

ST. PAUL'S CLASSIS.

At a special meeting of St. Paul's Classis held in St. John's Church, Mercer Co., Feb. 1st, 1883, the Rev. J. J. Pannypacker of Clarion Classis was received; a call from the Mercer Mission to him, found in order and confirmed; and a committee of installation, consisting of Revs. F. Pilgram, F. B. Hahn and E. E. Gruenstein, was appointed. Bro. Pannypacker will be installed on Wednesday, the 14th of February.

In connection with the special meeting of Classis, three evenings of the week were devoted to the cause of missions. The topics for discussion were as follows:

1. Wednesday evening.—*Missions in relation to the fulfillment of the Scriptures, and the coming of the kingdom of God.* Opened by Rev. J. H. Apple, D. D., and followed by Revs. J. W. Pontious and F. B. Hahn.

2. Thursday evening. *Missions in relation to the development of the Christian life of the individual and the congregation.* Opened by Rev. E. E. Gruenstein, and Rev. J. J. Pannypacker, followed by Revs. Hahn, Dr. Apple, J. W. Pontious, and Dr. J. R. Caldwell.

3. Friday evening. (Devoted to the Sunday-school cause.) Sunday-schools in their relation to the Christian nurture of the young. Opened by Revs. J. W. Pontious, J. J. Pannypacker, followed by Dr. J. R. Caldwell, Supt. of St. Mark's, and Mr. Oliver Kashner, Supt. of St. John's.

These conferences are not without good results. In this way the subject of missions is brought more vividly before the eyes of the people, and many good seeds are sown in the hearts of both pastors and the laity. Many members of St. John's expressed their delight with the conference and the speeches to us, and remarked: "This is just what we want. We ought to have such meetings much oftener."

STATED CLERK.

RECONSTRUCTION OF CHARGES.

Of all the various subjects demanding our consideration, as a church, at this time, there is none of more importance than that of reconstruction of charges. It seems we are very slow to speak of it, not to say anything of active work in this direction. No man has a disposition to change location and go into a western or southern State, especially when he is well situated. There is nothing to awaken in him a desire to change. In the church, however, this is not the case, no matter how well a pastor or charge may be situated. Both pastor and people ought to be interested in the church at large—in lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes; especially ought the pastor to be thus interested and infuse the same spirit into his flock.

The initiatory step in this work, therefore, devolves upon the pastor. If he will not act, how can the people be expected to move in this work. How often do we not hear pastors say, "The people are not ready for such a move; it is premature; the time has not yet come, but as soon as all things are ripe for such a change, I am ready and will not be in the way." What are we to think of such pastors? In everything else they want to lead the people, to be their, at least, would-be shepherds, but in this work of reconstruction, they want the people to lead them—thinking, perhaps, within themselves, "If they can." Such excuses, it seems to me, very often spring from self-interest rather than from a self-sacrificing interest in the spiritual advancement of their flocks and in the church at large.

Some time ago I was asked by a minister in another branch of the church, "Why is it that so many charges in your church are composed of three, four and five congregations? In our presbytery we have but one charge, composed of three congregations—we aim to have but one or two, to constitute a charge." What is the aim in our church? It is to be feared, that it is, to have as many congregations as possible to compose a charge. Are we doing anything in this direction? We have scarcely begun to move in this work.

By being active in this way, we might do much missionary work that must otherwise remain undone. If a pastor had but two congregations, he could foster a mission point, as a child of the charge, without any special missionary aid, until it could be provided for, or until one of the congregations composing his charge, might become a charge by itself.

SIGMA.

A CORRECTION.

It would seem from what we have learned recently, that the impression prevails to some extent that the Board of Publication has engaged the services of an Agent to secure subscriptions on the life membership plan for "THE MESSENGER"—because of a failure on the part of the Establishment to maintain and support itself. This is a grievous error. Within the last year, or so, the Board has met fully all its obligations and with its surplus has been decreasing its indebtedness in paying off money borrowed some years ago to carry it through the times that were stringent.

It may now be understood, that the sole purpose of this special effort is to raise funds with which to pay off other loans and obligations, as well as the mortgage, on the property, on all of which the Board has regularly paid the interest out of its receipts. These obligations were incurred through necessity long ago, and if they had not been, the Establishment would not be what it is to-day. And further, had the Church made good its resolution at Synod of Lancaster, in 1884—after the destruction of the property and contents at Chambersburg to raise \$60,000—there would be now no need of this special effort, and this branch of the Church's operations would be even in a far better condition than it now is.

With the removal of this debt the Board can, with its surplus funds, which now go towards paying interest on it, enlarge its operations and, at the same time, reduce the price of its different Periodicals and Publications so as to have them come within the ability of all.

We are glad to announce that the agent, Mr. Heyser, is meeting with some success, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to secure an amount that will very greatly exceed the most sanguine expectations and the Board be released of its burden in the way of a debt, and enabled to push forward its operations.

The success of the agent, and the united, deserved, and rightful patronage of the Church, given to the Board in all of its departments will eventually make it a source of revenue to the Church in more than one way.

CHAS. G. FISHER.

Supt. and Treas. Reformed Church Pub. Board.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Synod of the United States.

On New Year's eve a lecture on the Bethany Orphans' Home was held by Rev. J. E. Freeman, before the Bethany Mite Society of St. John's Reformed Church at Weisport, Pa. This society was organized for the benefit of the Building Fund of said Home. It collected from its members during the year \$122.25—some members paid as high as \$6. They feel very much interested in the Bethany Home. They expect to have an excursion to said Home next summer. God will bless those who are liberally disposed towards the orphans. God will most certainly grant blessings upon those who feed and warm His peculiar little ones.

The Aaronburg, Pa., charge, under the pastoral care of Rev. Z. A. Yearick, brought its winter communions to a close on the 28th of January. The three catechetical classes had been meeting weekly since the month of August, and numbered 85 members, including large and small. Of this number 45 were confirmed—25 at Aaronburg, 17 at Salem, and 3 at St. Paul's. Of those confirmed, 10 are heads of families, who were added to several of the classes during the last week of the course, when the pastor met them each evening, in the presence of the entire congregation, with the regular class, and delivered a special course of lectures on the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, as comprehended in the Heidelberg Catechism. In addition to these lectures Bro. Whitmer's "Notes" were put into their hands for private study during the day. Two persons were received by certificate, and one by renewal of profession of faith.

The pastor was assisted at these special services by the Rev. T. Derr, T. S. Land, Professor D. M. Wolf and John Thomlinson of the Lutheran church. The attendance was good throughout. It is hoped that the results will be good and lasting. The benevolent contributions in the three congregations amount to \$22.67.

The Aaronburg Sunday-school had a pleasant Christmas season. Service No. 5, issued by the Publication Board was used. The music, under the leadership of Prof. Wm. T. Meyer, was well rendered by the school. The church was neatly decorated and the children received the usual treat. Rev. Thomlinson delivered the address. Prof. Meyer, the pastor and his wife were the happy recipients of valuable gifts. The collection for the benefit of Bethany Orphans' Home was \$10.02.

On the evening of February 4, the congregation had a meeting in the interest of church

music. Several addresses were made. The choir furnished appropriate music. Dr. Perkins of Boston, the distinguished author and instructor of music, who was stopping in Aaronburg over Sunday, delivered a fine lecture. He is sound on the subject of church music, and especially when he comes to speak of the light, sentimental airs that are dragged from the streets and the theatre into the worship of God. He strongly emphasizes the fitness of tunes to the sacredness of words, in order that the one may not detract from the other. He spoke also of the proper management of choirs and of the mutual relations that should exist between the choir and the congregation. The attendance was large and the occasion one of profit.

Rev. S. Sidney Kohler has been kindly remembered by the members of the Wapwallopen congregation, of which he is pastor. Besides numerous little gifts in monies and otherwise, that were handed to him and brought to his house during the Christmas season, Clarence J. Mavery, one of the class of catechumens, collected and paid on a new Portland sleigh, which the pastor had lately ordered, \$33. Such testimonials of esteem are truly appreciated.

Pittsburg Synod.

The winter communions in the Zion's charge, Crawford county, Pa., were celebrated as follows: In the Zion's church on the 24th of Dec., 1882. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Apple, of Saegertown, Pa. This church has undergone repairs. It was replastered and repainted. The old pulpit was torn out and replaced by a neat and handsome reading desk and pulpit. It is now lighted up by a six-light chandelier and two three-light pulpit chandeliers. It is regarded by many as the finest church in the community.

In the other three congregations the communion was celebrated on the 31st of Dec., 7th and 14th of January. One was added to the St. Mark's church by letter, and three to the St. John's—one by confirmation and two by adult baptism.

Synod of Ohio.

Rev. E. D. Miller, pastor of the Upper Sandusky charge, Ohio, held interesting services in Emmanuel's church, during the week of prayer. He was assisted by Rev. J. Klingler. The children's meeting was held on Saturday afternoon, when the pastor delivered a suitable address. The missionary corn-planters, an organization effected last spring, then brought the fruits of their labors to the altar. Thirty-five dollars had been raised for the orphan and mission work, and the little workers were made very happy by what they had done. The adult missionary society in his charge is very prosperous. The communion season on the 21st ult. was enjoyed very much. Five persons were added to the church. Bro. Miller was kindly remembered by the people of his congregations, who made him suitable gifts to supply his wants and encourage his heart.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE OF AWARD FOR PREMIUM TRACT NO. 2.

"The Work of Missions in the Reformed Church in the U. S."

The committee to whom was submitted the manuscripts upon the above subject for the purpose of deciding as to which one merited the premium offered, held a meeting in Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 1st. The chairman, Rev. J. O. Miller, D. D., has submitted to the undersigned his report as to the result.

The committee found, it appears, some difficulty in arriving at a decision as to which one was the best, all five in number, possessing more or less merit, especially three of them. Taking all into consideration: the coming within the limit of 1400 words and treating the subject in a popular way, and yet doing justice to it, they decided that the manuscript signed "April 9th, 1846," was entitled to the premium offered.

The manuscript thus signed was submitted by Rev. Isaac A. Sites, Columbus Junction, Iowa, to whom the premium has been promptly forwarded.

The Tract thus obtained and to be known as *Premium Tract No. 2*, will be issued in a few days, and will be for sale at prices reasonable, which will be announced hereafter. It is to be hoped it will have a large sale, and consequently a far and wide distribution for the good of the cause it presents.

CHAS. G. FISHER.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8th, 1883.

APPOINTMENT OF AGENT OF THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.

Mr. Jacob Heyser of Chambersburg, Pa., has accepted the agency of the Board contemplated in the Plan of Life-Membership, subscriptions for THE MESSENGER, and will enter on his duties at the opening of the new year. He is also authorized to solicit contributions for the use of the Board, and to receive subscriptions for the different periodicals of the Board, and orders for the Book Department, and make collections of accounts due the Board, his receipt for the same being valid.

We hope Mr. Heyser will be received and welcomed by the Church, and meet with good success so as to put our publication interest on a good footing.

CHAS. G. FISHER.

Supt. Ref'd Ch. Pub. Board.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS FOR 1883.

Now is the time to make up orders for Sunday-schools Help for the coming year. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge. We look for an increased demand for them all during the coming year. Pastors and superintendents will please give attention to this and see that their schools have their own Church publications in use.

Address

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1883.

Our Church Almanac for 1883 is now ready for distribution. The following is the schedule of prices:

1 copy, postage paid,	\$.10
12 copies,	.60
50 "	2.50
100 "	4.75

To which must be added 12 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

Address,

REFORMED CHURCH PUB. BOARD,
907 Arch Street, Phila.

Business Department.

Rev. CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

\$2.20 a year, in advance, postage included. Six copies to one address for one year, \$11.00
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, unless orders are sent direct to the Publication Office, at least two weeks before the time subscribed for expires, and all arrears are paid.

The publishers will not be responsible for notice given to an agent or postmaster.
When arrears for more than a year are due, they are collected through a solicitor.
The date appended to the subscriber's name on the slip pasted on each paper, indicates the day and year to which he has paid.

Renewals should be made, if possible, before the date transpires. If two issues are allowed to be sent after that time, and a notice to discontinue is then received, the subscriber will be charged for the six months commencing.

Remittances should be made by Check, Draft, Postal Money Order, or Registered Letter, and to be made payable to the order of the REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.

Should you remit, and on examining the label on your paper you do not find the proper credit given after two weeks have elapsed, please inform us by postal, so that any failure to reach us may be discovered, or any mistake or omission may be corrected.
Communications for the paper, to insure prompt insertion, should be addressed to "THE MESSENGER."

FOR EASTER.

EASTER SERVICE ANNUAL,

Containing six pages of new and choice Carols for Easter, with specially prepared service of Scripture and song, published by Mrs. Emma Pitt, Baltimore, Md.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday-schools would do well to examine this Annual before making their Easter selections. Price, Five Cents—\$4 per hundred.

Also,

EASTER ANNUALS.

Containing the usual number of Carols, published by Bigelow & Main, and J. Church & Co. Same price as above.

EASTER CARDS in variety and different prices. Also,

EASTER EGGS—a story-book for children. Illustrated. 45 cents.

TRACT ON CONFIRMATION, By Rev. A. C. Whitmer, containing Certificate of Confirmation. 75 cents per dozen.

GOLDEN CENSER,

By the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, containing Lithograph Certificate of Confirmation, in different styles of binding.

Also Certificates of Confirmation and Baptism at different prices.

Send for specimens copies of Annuals, &c.

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907 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

OUR NEW EDITION OF HYMNS

FOR THE

REFORMED CHURCH (POCKET),

Are now ready at the following prices:—

Roan Emb. Plain.	.50
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Imitation Turkey, Gilt,	1.00
Real " " stiff or limp.	1.75

SAME WITH FORMS FROM ORDER OF WORSHIP.

Roan Emb. Plain, 65c.; do do Gilt, 90c.	
Imitation Turkey, Gilt.	1.25
Real Turkey, Gilt, stiff or limp.	2.00
Name, 10 cents each.	

ALSO

FORMS—For Ministers and others.

Muslin, Limp, 35c.; Morocco, Limp, 75c.

Usual discount to parties ordering large quantities.

Will be printed on good paper and in best styles of binding. Orders filled in their turn.

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Small Print.

Roan Embossed,	\$1.25
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Large Print, without Tunes.

Muslin Embossed,	.75
Roan Embossed,	1.00
" " Gilt,	1.25
Imitation Turkey,	1.75
Real Turkey, Gilt,	2.50

Books by Rev. J. H. Good, D. D.

Prayer Book and Aids to Private Devotions, postpaid,	\$.30
Church Members' Hand-Book, new, 176 pages, 50c.; per doz.,	5.00

And all the Publications of the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio.

All of the above Books sent postage paid on receipt of the retail price, or by express, subject to discount.

Supplies for Sunday Schools.

Miscellaneous.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold,
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long, weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife,
And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead Sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amid the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked, where all once promised fair;
And etab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it then true, this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo! 'mid the winter shines the laurel's leaf;
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, hope and patience cheer us on our way,
Love, hope and patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, hope and patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

—Temple Bar.

Selections.

Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success.—
Parson.

Coleridge said he thought the act of praying to be, in its most perfect form, the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable.

You never read God's word to profit but as it teaches you to pray while you read. I go nowhere in a spirit of safety but as I go in a spirit of prayer.—Hill.

He leadeth me.
I cannot see the path He takes me through;
But He has promised (and His word is true)
To guide my feet aright;
And so I walk by faith, and not by sight.

He leadeth me.
I cannot miss the way with Christ my Guide;
He holds my hand, He keeps me at His side;
And though the way be long,
I lean on Him, and in His strength am strong.
—F. Swain Ughed.

Be not slow in common and usual acts of devotion, and quick at singularities; but having first done what thou art bound to, proceed to the extraordinary of religion as you see cause.—Jeremy Taylor.

I would be patient, Father, lest I miss
Some wondrous lesson Thou wouldst kindly teach,
Or some sweet taste of unexpected bliss,
Which only in the depths my soul could reach.
I would not flinch when fast the flames increase,
For fear Thy tender heart could not endure
My anguish keen, and Thou wouldst bid it cease
Before the dross was burned, and I made pure.

I will be patient, and not like a child
Leave the hard lessons for some future year;
E'en let the upward way be dark and wild,
The stars above be dimly seen through tears,
But never spare a sorrow, pain or loss,
Where joy will not develop and refine.
I will be patient, since a heavy cross
Thou bore, that I might have but peace with mine.

Science and Art.

An "Adoration of the Shepherds" in chiaroscuro has been found at Hyees, in a tailor shop, on a panel. It has on it an anagram which is by some supposed to be that of Leonardo.

Mr. Mayer has laid before the French Academy of Sciences a new mode of burial, viz., glass coffins, the air pumped out, and filled with anti-septic gas. Thus, he claims, the body could be indefinitely kept uncorrupted.

One advantage of lighting vessels by electricity was satisfactorily demonstrated on Tuesday night when the steamer Carolina, of the old Bay Line between Baltimore and Norfolk, ran into the British steamship Riverdale, in a dense fog off Cedar Point, on Chesapeake Bay. The electric lights of the Carolina were extinguished only in the damaged part of the boat, and her officers think that if she had been lighted in any other way a conflagration would have followed the collision.

In some places in Europe steel bars are used in preference to bells, supplanting them sometimes altogether in church steeples, and producing very pure, distinct, and melodious sounds. An English writer even advocates their general use, on the ground that, while in point of sonority they are equal to the common bell, in certain other respects they are to be preferred to it. Their weight will be light in comparison with the ponderous objects they are to replace; they will not burden the steeple so much, and consequently will give more scope for architectural design; their winding and hanging up will not be so difficult, dangerous, and expensive.

THE SMALLEST LIVING ORGANISMS.—Dr. H. F. Formad lectured lately at the Franklin Institute, upon "Bacteria," continuing his series upon the "Smallest Living Organisms." The lecturer dwelt particularly upon the lives and habits of bacteria, and explained that purification is the process of life of the bacteria in converting organic substances into inorganic. The bacteria are not the producers of disease only, but are essential to the existence of the world. Dr. Formad, referring to substances "liked and disliked by the bacteria," said that it is the antiseptics which are disliked and are most harmful to them. "About the best antiseptic is water," said the doctor, "and I suppose the reason the application of the general, but incorrectly regarded antiseptics succeeds so often, is that they are used with water."

Personal.

Dr. Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College, Schenectady, has been invited to become President of Trinity College at Hartford, to succeed Dr. Pynchon, resigned.

The Hon. Joseph Holt, President Buchanan's Postmaster-General and afterward Secretary of War and Judge-Advocate-General, lives in strict retirement in Washington. He is a childless widower and rarely makes his appearance in public.

Reports come, by way of Paris, that King Humbert of Italy is sinking into a condition of confirmed melancholy. For days together, says a correspondent, he does not speak a word to any human being. He appears at the Queen's receptions, but does not open his lips.

The founder of the Roman Catholic order of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States, Mother Frances Ward Xavier, took the holy vows of the profession in 1833. The fiftieth anniversary of that event has just been celebrated at Manchester, N. H., where she is the Superior of a convent.

Sir John Lubbock is an entomologist and Lombard street banker. He is comely in presence and a charming lecturer. He is a useful member of the House of Commons, and the British public are indebted to him for the bank holiday act. He has been known to watch the little games of a bee for nine hours at a stretch.

Mrs. Tyler, the ex-President's widow, is in Washington. She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman who ever entered the White House as a bride. She has a young daughter, who was an infant at the time of the ex-President's death, in 1862. She is very affable, but she has not forgotten the stately manners that were in fashion forty years ago. She wears her hair just as it is represented in the girlish portrait of her which was painted when she was a bride.

Items of Interest.

The ladder is becoming a conspicuous decoration of New York hotel fronts. It is not, says the *Mail and Express*, a thing of beauty, but its ugliness will frighten away no guest.

The citizens of Cambridge have given two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Harvard College, to be used in building new dormitories, in which the rent of each room shall not exceed \$50 per year.

Water for domestic uses is so scarce in Augusta, Me., that many families are having ice in large blocks hauled from the river to their doors, and melting the ice for drinking, washing, and culinary purposes.

In the Khoyra district, India, which comprises a considerable portion of the Sunderbunds, more than fifty people—timber cutting and collecting in the jungle—were killed by tigers during the last official year.

It is not the longest railroad that makes the most money. The New York elevated, on fourteen miles of road, earns more money than the East Tennessee on 823 miles, or almost seventy times as long a road.

There is a farmer at Jamaica, South Long Island, who has this season realized \$4,000 from his small farm of six acres. His crop is celery. He never ploughs, but spades deeply, and manures heavily.

Georgia's corn crop is the largest since 1859, and will reach 30,000,000 bushels. The oat crop reached 8,000,000 bushels, and the wheat crop 5,500,000 bushels. It is thought 1,000,000 bales of cotton will be raised.

Several hundred women in Amoy, China, have pledged themselves that they will not bind their children's feet, and that they will marry their sons only to women whose feet are unbound. The beginning of a reform this.

General Hazen says it is a fact not generally known that stamped envelopes, when spoiled through misdirection or other causes, can be exchanged for a postage stamp of the same denomination at the nearest postoffice.

The first blow struck in the demolition of the ruined Palace of the Tuilleries put to flight a host of birds which had made their nests in the roofless pile. They flew outward across the Seine to the Cour des Comptes, a ruin like that from which they had just been evicted.

In view of the fact that whisky drinking led to a riot, and the riot to the abolition of their city government by the Legislature of Alabama, the chief residents of Opelika favor the prohibition of the selling of liquor in that place. A petition will probably be presented to the Legislature asking for legislation to that effect.

The Austrian War Office has ordered the officers of the General Staff to learn the Russian language, and the Vienna papers in their comments on the step all speak of it as caused by the hostile attitude recently assumed again by the Pan Slavistic press of Russia. The writers of this article are still continually attacking Austria and Hungary, and inciting their readers against these countries.

One of the conditions of life in India is amusingly illustrated by the following resolution recently passed by the Municipal Commissioners of Bellary:—"Resolved, That as the loose monkeys in the town have become exceedingly troublesome by attacking women and children carrying eatables, and overturning the tiles of the roofs of houses in the town, these animals be caught and sent out into the jungles, and that arrangements be made that monkeys may not receive any injury while being seized. The Commissioners vote the sum of Rs 200 for meeting the expenditure which may be incurred in carrying out this resolution."

The white cliffs on which Dover Castle stands are the last objects which the traveller loses sight of on his way to Calais, and the first object which his eyes discover on his return journey homeward. The buildings themselves are a standing witness of every change in English history, from the occupation by the Romans to the present reign. Both cliff and castle, it might have been confidently prophesied, would last as long as the English nation itself, but the cliffs are now being undermined by the action of the sea. The waves have for many years been gradually washing away the coast line on both sides of Shakespeare's Cliff, and they now threaten to carry away the base of the Castle of Dover.

A short time ago, as the Czar was about to enter a railroad train at St. Petersburg to return to Gatchina, he was accosted by a throng of peasants with cries of "Sire, give us bread! We are hungry." Alexander was deeply moved, and at once inquired of the Minister of Finance if the peasantry anywhere were in actual need of food. The Minister replied that it was indeed so, but the Imperial Treasury was so nearly empty that no relief could be afforded. At this the Czar became very angry, because the state of affairs had hitherto been concealed from him, and expressed his determination to take up his residence at St. Petersburg, that he might keep close personal oversight upon the administration.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided on Monday that the second section of the

Supplementary Civil Act of 1871, known as the "conspiracy section," is unconstitutional. The section relates to conspiracy to deprive any person of the equal protection of the laws. The grounds of the decision are "that the law infringes upon the reserved rights of the States; that there is nothing in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution that confers authority upon Congress to enact such a law; that, if Congress had jurisdiction sufficient to punish private persons for the commission of one class of crimes in a State, by virtue of the same authority it would have the power to legislate as to all crimes in a State."

It is estimated that there are about 28,000 blind persons in France, and very little has thus far been done to improve their condition. About 200 receive professional education in the National Institution for Blind Youth, as many more are taught in small charitable establishments, and a national institution maintains about 300 pensioners; but at least 27,000 unfortunates are without resource or prospect of improvement. The cruelty of this neglect has been strikingly illustrated by the experience of a society formed in 1881 to erect workshops for the blind. A little money was collected and the society erected one small workshop in which twenty-five persons were instructed during the last year, every one of whom, it is believed, acquired in six months the means of earning a support for the rest of his life making brooms, brushes, baskets, tool-handles, chairs, etc.

Farm and Garden.

The hog has a definite economic producing value on every farm in more or less numbers, for there is much that could not otherwise be profitably utilized, which can by his presence be converted into pecuniary gain without detracting from the value of any other of the farm products.

A writer in the *Fruit Recorder* makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage plants among his corn where the corn missed, and the butterflies did not find them. He has therefore come to the conclusion that if the cabbage patch were in the middle of the corn field the butterflies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailing.

The *Scientific American* says: "The increasing use of cold storage for perishable food stuffs, which are apt to be scarce at certain seasons, is one of the characteristics of the time. Last summer, when fresh eggs were plentiful and cheap, a gentleman in Chenango county, N. Y., stored in a mammoth cooler some five thousand barrels of eggs. Now they sell in this city as 'fresh-laid' eggs at a large profit."

Give all animals, when in a barn, plenty of straw for bedding, and keep them scrupulously clean, and well fed; keep all drugs from them. It is a mistaken idea that drugs will improve their condition. Never allow any person to tease live-stock in any way. Save all the manure carefully. Stock your farm to its fullest extent with horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, (but do not overstock); raise all the feed possible, and feed it; you have put your grains, coarse fodder and straw to the best use possible in increasing the profits of the farm.

CARING FOR A HORSE HARNESS.—The average harness in the rural districts is poorly cared for, and short lived. Not infrequently it is hung in the horse stable exposed to the ammonia generated from a pile of fermenting manure. The stable may be furnished at odd spells with bedding or absorbents of some kind, but these are not promptly renewed, and there is great waste of the most valuable constituents of manure. The harness has the benefit of the ammonia, and the effect is about the same as washing it with lye. The harness rots, cracks, and without frequent oiling comes to grief at an early date. The safer way is to have a place for the harness in the carriage house, or some building outside the stable. If the stable alone is available, it should be kept free from the smell of ammonia by the constant use of absorbents, sawdust, soda, road dust, straw, or refuse hay. A harness properly cared for and kept clean and pliable will last twice as long as one that is neglected. It is much cheaper to spend ten cents for neat-foot oil, once in three months, than fifty cents for mending at the harness makers.—*Agriculturist*.

BRAN AND OIL-CAKE FEED.—Experience in feeding stock in winter, especially if closely stabled, shows the value of oil-meal bran as a rich, healthy and nutritious food. A quart of the ground oil-cake, morning and evening, in bran or other ground feed, fed dry or in mush, gives a desirable variety of feed that makes a thrifty growth in all the stock. The oil-meal, ground from rich oil-cake is becoming a popular feed for all kinds of stock, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. The European stock farmers prize this oil meal as the richest and best stock feed to be had, and they take all our surplus. On this subject the *Stock Journal* says: "As a rule, a combination of wheat, bran and oil-cake meal will accomplish more in maintaining a lot of closely stabled breeding and growing cattle in a satisfactory condition than any other two articles whatever. Oil-cake meal, while having a laxative tendency if fed somewhat liberally, nevertheless is one of the best combinations with bran, when skillfully handled, as its unclaggy and oil ally irritation of the mucous surface, and the constituents of these two articles, combined with good hay, take, perhaps, a wider range than any other two articles."—*Western Agriculturist*.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—Among the hints most seasonable on either the garden or the farm, few things are more serviceable than those relating to the sharpening and repairing of tools. Too often these things are not thought of until the articles are wanted, when much valuable time is lost in putting in order what might as well have been done during the dull winter days. Even the smartest of us do not think enough of these things, and indeed hardly know how much we lose by having dull tools to work with. It has been tolerably accurately computed that the same man can do as much in two days with a sharp scythe, spade or hoe, as with one but comparatively dull and the same expenditure of force, could do in three. And it is just the same in regard to all other tools or implements, whether operated by hand, steam or horse power. The engineer continually oils the machinery, and a good saw or file is oil to the hand-implements. We know of people who have a great deal of hand-hoeing to do, and they believe that the continued use of the file on the hoe makes a difference of nearly one-half in labor. The calculation is that every file bought saves ten dollars in labor. Hence, now is the time to look after spades, scythes, hoes, forks, saws, etc. A good grindstone and a set of files are among the best of farm investments, especially at this season. It is always nice to be forehanded, to get things well-ahead; but the best of all is that which prepares in advance a full set of good and well-repaired tools to work with.—*Germantown Telegraph*.

ONE WAY OF MAKING BUTTER.—Diantha writes in the *Household*. I strain my morning milk into my pans, have them about half full, and set them away into the cellar for the reason that I have no dairy. At night bring it up, place it on the range, back from the fire. Let it heat

gradually. It must not boil. When done right, there will be a thick, heavy, stiff cream. I then draw it from the stove, place it where it will cool, and take it to the cellar. I serve my night's milk the same way, always setting it away from one milking to another. I skim it in the morning, being careful to drain out all the milk possible. In the spring and summer, it is needful to skim morning and night. I never have any sour milk to skim; in fact, if I desire any for use, I am obliged to set it to change; thus you see it is impossible to have anything but sweet, nice butter.

I think there can be more butter made from the same quantity of milk by this method than in the old way. It is no new trade for me, for I have made butter for years. I have made it this way for two years, and I would not go back to the old way for anything. All the fault I find with it is, it won't keep. It is so good, we eat it up too soon, and our customers are always crying for more. During the summer, I churn twice a week; when it is cooler, once a week will do.—*American Rural Home*.

REARING HEIFER CALVES.—I propose to say a few words about rearing heifer calves, with the object of making the profitable cows as early as practicable.

Farmers have found by experience that they must husband their resources, and so arrange their plans to bring two points in farm-life as near together as can ordinarily be done. These points in view are the largest profit at least cost. Let me commence by the proposition that a cheaply-raised calf is the dearest one. I think the old method of feeding calves is mostly done away with. When the writer was young it was the prevailing plan to let the calf suck the cow until twelve weeks old, and then be weaned by confining in some convenient enclosure, and taught to eat grass and drink water, which they soon learned from necessity. These calves usually lived and thrived exactly in keeping with their treatment. They immediately became hollow, pot-bellied and stunted, and their cries were frequent, loud and persistent. However, all things come to an end, and these calves got reconciled to their new treatment in time, but they were very small in the fall when they came to the barn, and sometimes died before spring and sometimes lived. Their early treatment robbed them and their owner of one year's growth.

Now, let us consider a new method, or at least a very different one from the above. As soon as two or three days after the cow calves let the calf be placed in a clean, (and if warm weather,) warm pen and taught to drink milk. Skim milk will answer, but let it be warmed, and mix a small quantity of wheat middlings with it. If the calf sours give it less food, and put rennet in it until cured. The calf will not usually cry or make any ado with this treatment.

Let no one imagine that a calf will not thrive on skim milk. I know they will, having reared them in this way for years. The secret of success consists in giving them enough and following it long enough.

I do not intend my calves shall know when they are weaned. When the time arrives that milk cannot be conveniently fed any longer, give some extra feed to take its place. They should by this time eat hay or grass readily, and in such quantity as to well sustain them.

I would here suggest that hay should be kept by them while on a milk diet, and a small quantity of oats occasionally. I now have a Jersey heifer one year old at this date, reared in the above manner, which has been with calf four months. She bids fair to make a good, early and profitable cow.

I am well aware that a multitude of farmers know quite as well as myself how these things should be done; but there may be some whom these suggestions may benefit.—J. G. GOODHUE, in *Germantown Telegraph*.

Books and Periodicals.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD, including Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Persia, India, Phenicia, Etruria, Greece, Rome, by George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. Author of "The Origin of Nations," "The Five Great Monarchies," etc. Pp. 249. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883. For sale by E. Claxton & Co., Phila. Price, \$1.00.

This book is the outgrowth of a series of papers written for the *Sunday at Home* in the years 1879 and 1881, and based upon lectures delivered at the University of Oxford, where the author holds a professorship. He has felt that the real history of the nations is bound up in the history of their religions, and that the inner life of the various peoples of the world can only be understood as their religions are studied. He has also felt "that the desire to generalize upon the subjects of ancient religions, and to build up a formal 'Science of Religion,'" as it is called, has outrun the necessarily anterior collection of materials on which this generalization might be safely based. On this account he has not only called the attention of his students to the religious beliefs and practices of the various races of mankind, but now speaks to a wider audience through the press. The book will be found to be of great interest to those who may wish to pursue the subject.

THE MARCH NUMBER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will contain, among other articles of striking interest, "Money in Elections," by Henry George; "Railway Influence in the Land Office," by George W. Julian; the "Subjugation of the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor; and "Gladstone," by Moncreux D. Conway.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the LIVING AGE for the weeks ending Feb. 3d and 10th contain articles on The Americans, by Herbert Spencer, and The Bollandists; the Literary History of a Magnum Opus, Contemporary; A Study of Longfellow, Fortnightly; Puss in Boots, Nineteenth Century; On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters; Imogen, Princess of Britain, by Helena Faucet Martin, Blackwood; "Other Worlds than Ours," Sayings of Great Men, and A Punt Forest, Spectator; Conservatism in Prussia, and Mr. Gladstone's Ascendancy, Economist; The Influence of Art in Italy, Academy; High Tide in Venice, Pall Mall; Wandering Thoughts, St. James; The Wentworth Papers, Athenaeum; with instalments of "No New Thing," "The Ladies Lindores," "The Captain of the Pole-Star," and "A Singular Case," and the usual amount of Poetry. A new volume began with the first number of January.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

At the home of the bride, in Water street, Huntingdon county, Pa., by Rev. M. H. Sangree, Jan. 11, 1883, Mr. Samuel Harnis to Miss Nettie Hawn.

At the Reformed Church parsonage, Alexandria, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1883, by Rev. M. H. Sangree, Mr. John Keller to Miss Kate Isenberg.

In Waynesboro, Pa., Feb. 7, 1883, by Rev. Isaac M. Motter, Mr. William Frederick, of York, Pa., to Miss Annie C. Rhoynd, of Waynesboro, Pa.

Obituaries.

Mrs. Hannah Hibschman, wife of Hon. Allen P. Hibschman, died at the residence of her husband, No. 427 North Queen street, about half past six o'clock on Saturday evening, in the 70th year of her age.

Her death resulted from a general breaking up of the system consequent upon her constant nursing of her husband, who has been suffering from paralysis for years. Mrs. Hibschman was a most estimable woman, loved and honored by all who knew her, and her death will be deeply mourned. She leaves a husband and four children, Mrs. H. S. Eberly and Mrs. D. S. Kauffman, of Durlach; Miss Amanda Hibschman and Rev. Dr. H. W. Hibschman, of Centerville, Northampton county. The funeral took place from the residence of her husband on Wednesday morning, at 11 o'clock; interment in Lancaster Cemetery.—*Lancaster Examiner*.

DIED.—In Nockmixon, Bucks county, Pa., January 23d, 1883, Emma Jane, wife of William Shick, and daughter of Michael Kohl, aged 26 years, 6 months and 22 days.

Emma Jane was a faithful member of St. Luke's Reformed Church, of Nockmixon. She was much respected, especially by those who had the opportunity of becoming best acquainted with her. She will be very much missed, especially by her husband and his three motherless little children. But we trust that their loss is her eternal gain. D. R.

DIED.—Near Alexandria, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1883, John Hnytt, child of David and Mattie Isenberg, aged 1 year and 3 months.

DIED.—At Keedysville, Md., on the 22nd ult., Mrs. Mary A. Keedy, aged 80 years, 9 months and 11 days.

The deceased was confined to her bed by sickness for nearly a year previous to her death. She often longed "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," but still patiently and meekly bore her sufferings until the hour of release came, when she, no doubt, realized the truth of the saying: "For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." She was a member of the Reformed Church from early life, and was always regular and faithful in her attendance upon the worship of the sanctuary and in her participation of the Holy Communion. This latter was regularly administered to her, in accordance with her wish, at her home for several years, and she had expected to partake of it the Sunday following her death, when it was administered to the congregation to which she belonged. She leaves three sons, one of whom is Elder C. M. Keedy, and one daughter, together with twenty grandchildren and three great-grandchildren to mourn her loss. The funeral service in connection with her burial was held in the Reformed Church of that place, and was largely attended, when her pastor, Rev. A. C. Geary, preached the sermon on the 90th Psalm, 15th to 17th verses, but was assisted in the other services by Revs. Kiester and Kirchoff, of the United Brethren Church.

Elder Samuel Rinker departed this life at his own home, in Edinburg, Va., January 15th, 1883, aged 63 years, 9 months and 27 days.

The deceased was a consistent member of the Reformed Church and an active elder in the congregation in Edinburg, Va., for many years. Four or five years ago, brother Rinker moved to Washington, D. C., where he was employed by the Government in the printing department. During the time thus employed he contracted a disease, which resulted in his death. The subject of this notice was extensively known to the Reformed Church abroad, as well as at home, as he was sent by the Church time and again a delegate to the general Synod, as well as to the district Synods. Thus the brother had a good opportunity to acquaint himself with the church of his choice. He was in very feeble health for more than a year—during this time his death was expected at any time. His prospects for the future were bright; he evidenced the hope of enjoying a higher life beyond the grave. The deceased leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss; but we cherish a fond hope that their loss is his eternal gain.

DIED.—At her residence, in Riegelsville, Warren county, New Jersey, on Sept. 3d, 1882, Sarah Ann, wife of Elder Isaac T. Riegel, aged 61 years, 4 months and 17 days.

The whole community greeted with profound sorrow the sad news that Mrs. Riegel was dead. Her health had been poor for several years, but during the last summer of her life she was greatly afflicted with chills and fever; this, together with disease of the heart, produced her death. For nearly forty years Mrs. Riegel had been an active member of the Reformed Church. Throughout the whole community she was known for her great kindness. She was a constant visitor at the homes of the poor and distressed, and few at such places could render as efficient aid as she. In every movement looking to the advancement of the Church she played a leading part, and many an enterprise owed its entire success to her courage and indefatigable energy. It cannot be otherwise but that the members of the community in which she lived should deeply feel her separation from them; for how seldom do we find those who are able to lead willing to do it? Yet Mrs. Riegel was rapidly drawing near the limit of human existence; and in the midst of her activity she was called to enter into that rest which awaits all those who here on earth faithfully serve the Master. It will be long before her memory will be forgotten, or her influence amongst her friends cease to be felt.

Acknowledgments.

CHURCH EXTENSION.
Received Hickory Bottom charge, Rev S Wolff, pastor (C G F), \$5 43.
W. H. SEIBERT, Treasurer.

Bethany Orphans' Home.

From Dr Isaac Lefever, Harrisburg, \$10 00.
Paradise charge, Rev J E Millet (Christmas col), 17 62.
1st Ref S S, Baltimore, E H Shaffer, Treas, 7 29.
Grace Mission S S, Washington, F Sontag, Christmas col, 3 00.
James M Eyrich, Reading, coats, vests, etc, 20 00.
Susanna Poreel, Valley, Danville charge, quilt, 4 00.
Members of Reading School Board, 3 50.
Two classes catechumens, St Paul's Ref Ch, Lanc, J B Shumaker, 6 43.
Lewisburg charge, Rev R L Gerhart, 12 25.
Infant S S, Lewisburg, do, 8 76.
Henry Moyer, Swartzwaldt, Rev A S Leinbach, 2 00.
Rev A L Dechant, collected in charge, 45 60.
Ref Ch, Shamokin, Rev T J Hacker, 20 00.
Do, do, 2 blankets, 5 00 and 4 quilts. Do, do, 1 sheet, 1 bolster, 1 coat, soap, etc. Mrs Scheffer's class, Ref S S, Bath, Rev M A Smith, 1 30.
Rev M A Smith, Nazareth, 1 70.
D B ALBRIGHT, Supt.

BUILDING FUND.

From St Paul's Ref Ch, Lanc, Pa, Rev J B Shumaker, individual subscs, \$75 00.
D B ALBRIGHT, Supt.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

The Rev. Isaac P. Cook, of Baltimore, has been in the service of the Methodist Church for 60 years and has preached 3,300 sermons.

The Episcopal clergymen of New Haven Conn., have decided not to allow the programmes of the musical part of the service in their churches on special occasions, such as Christmas and Easter, to be printed beforehand.

At the last annual meeting of the Central Congregational church, Philadelphia, the receipts were found to be fully equal to the expense, and the subscriptions have advanced twenty per cent. It was voted unanimously to add \$500 to the pastor's salary.

The Rev. Mr. Northcott, pastor of the Third Congregational Church of Toledo, got his pay weekly, and the treasurer of the Church always handed over a lot of mutilated coin that had come from the contribution box. As bar-rooms were the only places where that sort of money was taken at par, Mr. Northcott objected so strenuously that he finally brought upon himself the hostility of the Church, and now he must go.

The Congregational statistics for 1882, are as follows:—Churches with pastors 923; 1,986 with acting pastors; 1,023 vacant, (including 149 supplied by licentiates, etc.) Total this year, 3,936, a net gain of 81. The churches with pastors have increased 60. Ministers:—918 pastors; 1,607 acting pastors; 1,193 others; total, 3,723, an apparent loss of 13. Church members, 387,619, a net gain of 1,934. Additions by professions, 13,539, a larger number than for either of the two preceding years.

Methodism bids fair to be well represented in Harrisburg, Pa. The Governor, R. E. Pattison, is a member of the Western Methodist Episcopal church, Philadelphia, and the son of a Methodist preacher. The Private Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Everett, is a Methodist preacher. The State Librarian, Professor C. I. Little, of Carlisle College, is a Methodist preacher, and the newly-elected chaplain of the House, the Rev. W. H. Elliott, is a Methodist preacher stationed at Lebanon, Pa.

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of New York, has decided to introduce some notable changes in the manner of conducting the Sunday evening service, which, it is thought, will awaken a new interest in them. A committee appointed to consider the matter has reported that a liturgical form of service is on many accounts desirable, that the Reformed Churches have made a mistake in too generally casting liturgical forms aside, that in many churches the idea of worship is almost entirely crowded out, and that preaching has taken its place; and they consequently believe that the Church at its evening services might use with profit some modified liturgical form. They suggest further, that the congregation stand during the hymns in both morning and evening services.

A most generous benefaction has been made to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Cheltenham, Pa., consisting of a chime of ten bells, cast at the celebrated bell foundry of Henry McShane & Co., of Baltimore. The largest bell weighs 3,000 pounds and the smallest 300 pounds. This chime, at a cost of \$5,000, is the gift of Mrs. John W. Thomas, in loving memory of her late husband, John W. Thomas, Esq., who was for more than twenty years rector of the parish, and of their deceased daughters. In addition to the improvements thus alluded to might also be mentioned the building of a picturesque church porch and stairway and enlargement of the vestry room. All these improvements mark the entrance of the rector, the Rev. Edward W. Appleton, D. D., upon the sixteenth year of his pastoral labors, he having entered upon the duties of the rectorship June 30, 1867.

There are eleven religious societies in the new and lively city of Winnipeg, Manitoba; and it is said that their aggregate wealth is estimated at the immense sum of \$11,300,000. In the early history of the country the Hudson's Bay Company made grants of land to the various churches—Protestant and Catholic. They gave no deed, however, and simply made an entry of the gift of the lands in the Company's book. This was considered all that was necessary at the time. These lands were practically valueless then. And the Company's promise was then considered much preferable, and in most cases it has been made good. The Roman Catholic Church has been the most fortunate, having a title to lands now valued at \$10,000,000. On a very small portion of the Roman Catholic possessions the Archbishop is assessed \$300,000, and for a block valued at \$3,000,000 the Archbishop has recently refused an offer of \$5,000,000. Three Episcopal churches have over \$600,000 worth of property, mostly land; the Methodists, \$450,000; Presbyterians, \$125,000; and the remainder is divided between the Baptists and Congregationalists. A number of costly church buildings have already been erected in Winnipeg, and it is said that two \$100,000 structures will be erected either this year or next. Several of the religious societies have speculated in city lands and made a good deal of money in that way.

Abroad.

The Church of England has 100 converted Jews in its pulpits, and thousands of Jews in London have accepted Christianity.

All the Liberal newspapers express indignation at a Conservative motion made in the Reichstag, giving to Christians the right to demand either that the Judge before whom they may have to take an oath shall be a Christian or that they shall be sworn by a Christian minister.

The announcement of "General Booth" at Wednesbury (where John Wesley was mobbed) that the Salvation Army would "open fire at once in Switzerland" is confirmed from Geneva by intelligence that, concurrently with meetings held by M. Theodore Monod and others, Miss Booth and "Colonel" Clibborn had arrived, and were at work.

A clergyman who is making a tour of the world writes from Ceylon to the *Christian Advocate* as follows:—"We have visited Japan and China, and are now on our way to India, stopping for awhile where 'the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle.' We find this a land of perpetual summer, a vast luxurious botanical garden. The Wesleyan Methodists of England have a grand missionary work here, embracing seventy-six chapels, 3,000 members, 120 schools, and 16,000 scholars. They have had some recent and remarkable conversions of young men who nobly resist the persecutions of Buddhist relatives. There are other missions on the island doing noble work, but I have not their statistics."

The following summary from Zion's Herald brings into one point of view the facts of one of the most remarkable Christian achievements in history. "The first Malagasy who ever learned the alphabet died only last January, an old man full of years. He was ten years old when the first missionary settled in the capital in 1820, and he died at the age of 72. To-day there are in Madagascar, 1,200 Churches, and 71,585 Church members. The contributions by the natives during the last ten years for the spread of Christianity amount to \$200,000. There are also there 862

elementary schools, with 43,904 scholars. There are 26,000 adults able to read, and 25,600 children who can read the New Testament—in all, more than 50,000 people able to read within the lifetime of one man, and, during the same time, more than 70,000 natives gathered into Christian Churches."

Great preparations are being made among the evangelical bodies and Protestants generally in Germany for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the birthday of Martin Luther, which occurs in November next. The Synodal Council of the Evangelical Church assembled recently and took steps looking to the observance of the advent on earth of the great Reformer. As already the different cities have acted in the matter, and it has been determined to hold meetings in Berlin on the evenings of the week ending with November 10, at which Luther's great work will be the special subject, so also is a three-fold observance projected for the entire National Church of Prussia, as follows:—On November 4, preliminary celebration, after the festival of the Reformation; November 10, Church School celebration, with particular Evangelical Schools, also a Liturgical service, memorial of the author of spiritual songs; and finally, on Sunday, November 11, the principal celebration, the leading thought of which will be Luther as the Reformer. The Academic Senate at Halle has resolved to observe the day in a manner worthy of the University.

Dr. Pusey combined in himself two different characters, seemingly distinct, and not often found together. He was a quiet student, a recluse, fond of retirement and of the shade and he was an active man of business, masterful in the extreme, very combative, very fond of having his own way, and very much accustomed to have it. At different periods of his career he made enemies from different causes; but enemies he always made from some cause or other. In the early days of the Oxford movement he was set down as a Papist in disguise. To the younger generation of Oxford men he was an object of dislike as the opponent of all reform. Whatever had to be done, and however clearly beneficial it might be, Dr. Pusey was in the way, and did his utmost to prevent it from being done. He was a troublesome antagonist, for he took an infinity of trouble himself. He was a man of details. No point was too minute for him, and he was always ready to give battle upon any point. He would surrender no outwork of his position, however untenable in itself, and however certain it might be that he could not hold it for long. He would fight as hard over some unimportant University statute as if the very existence of the Church and of Christianity were at stake. He would formulate his case with all possible care and diligence, and would spend day after day in writing letters, in beating up good votes, and in talking over doubtful ones. He would outwit any Committee of which he was a member, and would go on opposing and objecting till his fellow-members were glad to let him have his own way, and to have done with it. But he had other and nobler qualities than these. He was a man who commanded, not only recognition, but deep attachment. Never was any one more ready to stand up for his friends. The more unpopular the cause, and the more certain the obloquy, the more prompt and eager would Dr. Pusey be in coming forward as a defender. After the publication of Tract 90, he was one of the very few who dared to say that he approved of it. In gifts of money, too, he was most generous and free-hearted. Cardinal Newman reckons his known munificent charities as not least among the causes of his enormous personal influence.—*London Times*.

It is very annoying when in the bath to drop the soap and have to feel for it. The Ivory Soap floats, and is without exception the most luxurious Soap for bathing, it lathers freely, and is easily rinsed off, leaving a sense of cleanliness and comfort attainable by no other means.

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